



Library of Congress.

Chap. PS 1254
Shelf .C6S8
Copyright - No.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Engraved by J. C. Smith

Respectfully,
J. Wesley Cashart.

SUNNY HOURS:

CONSISTING OF

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY

John
J. WESLEY CARHART.



New-York:

PUDNEY & RUSSELL, PRINTERS.

No. 79 JOHN-STREET.

1859.

*Deposited in Clerk's Office Southern
Dist New York Dec 7. 1859*

PS 1254
CLS 8

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859,

By J. WESLEY CARHART,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New-York.

TO

JOHN H. MUMFORD, Esq.,

WHO HAS PROVED HIMSELF A FATHER AND A FRIEND, AND WHO
HAS MANIFESTED A DEEP INTEREST IN MY PRESENT
AND FUTURE HAPPINESS, THIS HUMBLE
OFFERING

Is Most Affectionately Inscribed

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE author is aware that a book treating upon some definite subject, bearing marks of greater maturity of intellect, and of wider observation and experience, might be more acceptable to the strictly literary portion of community; and yet, with a consciousness of the wants of the large class to which he himself belongs, he has ventured to bring this humble tribute of his Muse to the light; feeling that those for whom it has been prepared will welcome it, as a friend welcomes to his heart and home the first darling, rosy offspring of a friend;

rejoicing that the treasure is his own, and that in its prosperity he has an undying interest.

The nature of the book, and the effect upon our own heart and mind of the labor of its preparation, suggested its title. We have written because we could not help it.

There is no path along which there has not grown some thorn—no brow o'er which there has not passed a shadow—no day that has not known a cloud; and the author of these humble effusions has found relief in labor they have cost him; and he trusts that their perusal will afford the same pleasure to other and kindred minds.

He has aimed at infusing a spirit of piety into most of these poems, and feels certain, after prayerful examination, that in such of them as may not be strictly of a religious character, there is nothing in conflict with the teachings of the gospel. Many of them are the

productions of his early days, written during intervals of excessive toil; others are the fruit of maturer years.

For the arrangement, and some of the thought presented in a very few, we are indebted to others; but the reader will find, taking the book as a whole, a slight transcript of the author's heart and mind; and this consideration, more than any other, occasioned a diffidence in regard to its publication. But what is written is written, and the future must tell of its worth.

FULTONVILLE, N. Y., 1859.

CONTENTS.



SUNNY HOURS,.....	PAGE 7
Let Me Kiss Him for his Mother,.....	24
Longing for the House of God,.....	29
The Mohawk,.....	34
The Poet's Heart,.....	37
The Haunted Ship,.....	47
The Poet's Home,.....	67
The Mother's Dream,.....	70
Twilight,.....	75
Pleasures of Home,.....	78
The Dying shed no Tears,.....	81
Alone,.....	83
A Rutland Sunset,.....	86
To Kittie Kilda,.....	89
Tow'rd the Bright Setting Sun,.....	91
Saturday Night,.....	93
An Address to the Soul,.....	96
Midnight Musings,.....	98

Ode—To Spring.....	102
To my Absent Wife,.....	106
The Miniature,.....	109
To One I Love,	113
Endearments of Home,.....	116
Midsummer Night's Dream,	119
To Sleep,	121
Those Village Bells,.....	122
Nature's Leafy Robes are Changing,.....	126
The Sea Beyond Us,.....	128
The Knell of Death,.....	131
The Retreat,.....	133
Ode—To Independence,.....	137
An Adieu,..	140
Kindness,	144
Flowers,	146
My Mother's Growing Old,	148
Twenty-Three,	150
Pity the Motherless,.....	153
She Sleeps in Jesus,.....	156
Who Loves Not The Sunlight,	159
Come, Let us Drink,	162
A Similitude,	167
Our Home Above,.....	168
The Heart Cemetery,	170
Merrily Dance the Stars,.....	172

CONTENTS.

xi

The very first Robin of Spring,	174
At Evening Time it shall be Light,.....	176
No. 2,.....	178
A Welcome to Maggie,.....	180
Psalm 23,.....	184
Psalm 55,	186
Psalm 70,.....	189
Psalm 98,.....	191
Tribute to Scotland,.....	194
The Old School-House,.....	197
The Star of Hope,	199
Heaven,.....	201
To Clara T——,.....	203
Life.....	205
Baby Minnie,	207
To A Lady's Album,.....	210
Greeting,	212
Washing Day,.....	214
The Withered Rose,.....	217
To My Portfolio,.....	219
To Mrs. G——,.....	220
Golden Dreams,	221
Song of the Sea,.....	224
To Miss A——,.....	227
The Tempest,	229
A Falling Star,.....	232

SUNNY HOURS.



Sunny Hours.

WHAT bosom so sad and beclouded
It has not some sweet sunny hour,
Where memory musingly lingers,
With rapturous, soul-soothing power?
Say not that thy day is all darkness,
No light breaking through the thick gloom;
There's joy in the midnight of sorrow—
O'er sepulchres wild flowers bloom.

No night that has not had a morning—
No cloud but has passed from the sky—
No gloom on thy heart but may vanish—
No tear dimming always thine eye:

Then why on thy gloominess ponder ?

Why linger in sorrow's chill night ?

Let joy fill thy long aching bosom—

Henceforth, let there ever be light.

To all of heart-sunshine I'd sing,

I'd sing of the spirit's bright day,

And cheer the lone heart, all desponding,

With th' music of this humble lay.

But to some more than others I'd sing,

Who, kindred in spirit, pursue

The paths which thro' broad meadows lay,

Yet marked by the footprints of few.

There are many now seeking the height,

Where Fame with bright laurels abides ;

They toil in the conflict of life,

'Gainst tempest, and darkness, and tides.

Parnassus is hard of ascent,

And few have its summit obtained ;

The fount of Castalia is sweet,

And few have its bright goblet drained.

There's a landscape where dew-drops distil,
As precious as Hermon's of old ;
And 'tis said that the love-nymphs have o'er it
An ocean of pure nectar rolled.

There are forms in that beautiful land
Unseen by indelicate gaze,
Unheard by indelicate ears
Their cheering and heavenly lays.

There are sunshine, and laughter, and song ;
There are odors and deep-tangled bowers ;
There are fairies of beautiful mould ;
There are rainbows and garlands of flowers ;
There are fountains where joy gushes forth,
And fol'age of angel-harps formed ;
There are maidens with darts in their eye,
With which th' heart-castle is stormed.

To those who have travelled this land,
Who love in its Eden to stray,
Having heard of the Muses that crown
This land with perpetual day,

And who have their visits received,
When Fancy enraptured took wing,
And fled to fair Poesy's skies ;
To such with delight I would sing.

They have of all others the most
Of Heaven's own sweet, sunny hours,
And they more than others possess
The raptures of Love's holy powers.

We would not in folly forget,
That some whose fair pinions are furled,
Are as fond of loved Poesy's smiles
As those who have sung for the world.

In childhood, when fond of the sports
Which gladdened our own early day,
How many a pure little heart
Is lit with a heavenly ray !
How often the whispering Muse
Enfolds the young soul in her wings,
As, soothing each passion to rest,
She softly her sweet sonnet sings

There are visions of glorious worlds,
And beauties which never had birth ;
There are lands all celestial and fair,
Nowhere to be found upon earth ;
There are throbbings of wildest delight,
Which move into mighty unrest
The bosom fair Poesy loves,
And folds with delight to her breast.

Ah! such are the golden-winged hours
With delicate, silvery form,
Which flit o'er the being of youth,
- Like beacons to guide in the storm.
Oh! who has not had sunny hours,
Wherein he has tasted delight !
Whose mem'ry a solace has given
In sorrow's bewildering night !

But life to the heart is more real
Than it seems to the vision of youth ;
A verity, awful indeed,
Bedewed with the *essence* of truth.

Divines of the present and past
Have talked of this wearisome life,
While sages have gravely affirmed
That all is but folly and strife ;
But poets have always averred
There's much in this life we may love ;
And while there are shadows of clouds,
There's light from the regions above.
Thus, while they in darkness have walked,
They've sung of the light all around,
And waked in lone spirits delight,
And made them with happiness bound.

One sings of the seasons which roll
Their burden of good to all men ;
And we feel as we read of their flow,
'Twould please us to read it again.
We see gentle Spring coming forth,
With footstep as light as the down ;
She strews precious seeds in her way,
And scatters her roses around.

We next, in the vision, behold
Bright Summer, with shower and breeze,
And fields heavy laden with grain,
And foliage dark on the trees ;
And as she trips gayly along,
Bold Autumn is on the pursuit,
With robes of all colors bedecked,
And baskets of rich, golden fruit.

And are not these pure sunny hours
Which gladden each heart as they fly,
And lead the mind upward to God,
Who rides on the clouds of the sky ?
Old Winter must needs then appear,
But such his associates fair,
With whom he rides 'round on the year,
He's made a soft visage to wear.

Another an elegy sings,
Till sympathy's bosom is moved,
And mem'ry looks back on the joys
We knew with the sleeping we loved ;

We walk in the funeral train
Which treads the dark way to the tomb,
And yet there is 'round us a light
Which scatters forever our gloom.

Again, we are taught of Old Time
Whose course mars the beauty of youth,
And naught can endure his rude touch,
Save virtue, and Heaven, and truth.

We hear of a Paradise lost,
Where virtue and happiness reined ;
And yet, while bewailing the loss,
We hear of another regained.

The poet imprisoned in night,
Whose soul seems a sepulchre dark
Whence sunlight can never proceed,
Is lit with a heavenly spark.

On canvas all glowing he draws
Those images, holy and bright,
Which kindle, in all who behold,
Emotions of wondrous delight.

Though dark be the theme of the lay,
And frightful the aspect assumed,
The whole is a cloud-covered sky,
With rainbows celestial illumed—
Conceptions most glorious rise
And swell, like the ocean, when pass
The tempests—and yet they are calm
As Heaven's own pure sea of glass.

There's pleasure in every song
Which comes from the furnace of truth,
Though wrought in the bosom of age,
Or glowing with fires of youth.
The barbs which the poet-hearts bear
But fasten the arrows they fling—
The arrows truth poises with care,
When love sets them all on the wing.

We'd speak yet of others we know
Are full as deserving of praise,
Whose sentiments quiet our nights,
And favor with sunshine our days.

We'd speak of the poet, who sung
The heart of his nation in love ;
Who possessed the strange power of song
Which caused every heart-string to move.

We'd tell of his gathering crown—
The laurels which circle his name—

We'd sing of the glory that Burns
It deep in the temple of fame.

That hand which, tho' guiding the plow,
Could trace in bold letters of light,
The gem "To My Mary in Heaven,"
And th' ever-loved "Saturday Night,"

Is one which humanity grasps,

And holds with the grip that will ever
Proclaim that though foibles he had,

They'll not from his native land sever
His name, nor his love, nor his songs ;

Then give me the honor and worth
Of him, and his verse, and no more

Will I ask of the honors of earth.

There's much in the musings of others
To praise and esteem, whose delight
Was not in the law of the Lord,
Nor were they ambitious for right :
But turning from these we would hail
That choir of sweet, sacred song,
Whom angels with rapture have heard—
And would their loud carols prolong.

A host in the vision appear,
All clad in their heavenly white,
And harps of the ransomed they bear,
And sing with unceasing delight.
But who's at the head of that throng?
Who leads in the front of the host?
'Tis one who perhaps never sung,
Yet loved he the Muses the most.

'Tis he who the spirit has given—
The Muse of the saint of the Lord,
Inspiring his bosom with love,
Inditing each sentence and word ;

'Tis Christ, the Messiah of God,
Whom Olivet often received ;
Who fled to this sacred retreat,
When song had his sorrow relieved.

The Psalmist is there in the throng,
He sweeps yet his heavenly lyre,
His heart is still glowing with love,
His bosom with music on fire ;
The archangels hush their sweet strains,
And fold with delight their bright wings,
And, bowing, adore the great God,
While David of Calvary sings.

Oh hast thou a strain in the skies
Thou didst not in Zion prepare ?
And is there a note in thy song
I'll know not till Heaven I share ?
Then let me sing on as I may
While in this low valley I tread ;
For then 'twill be sweeter by far
To sing with my glorified Head.

What hour's the brightest below ?

What day the least darkened by fears ?

When is thy heart freest from pain,

And when thine eyes freest from tears ?

Is it not when of Heaven we sing,

With joy swelling deep in the breast,

And thy faith reaches over the stream

Which passes this side of our rest ?

Religion's a light to the soul,

In tempests, and trial, and death,

And when we pass o'er the dark stream,

'Twill help us to yield up our breath.

The heart that possesses this prize,

Is blest with more seasons of light

Than the heart in the twilight of sin,

Preceding death's terrible night.

'Tis true, that communion with all

Which in nature or art can excite

Emotions which true poets love,

May afford us a passing delight ;

But what, when the vision has fled,
And our souls to their level return ;
When vanish the joys they produced,
Like a censor which ceases to burn ?

The heart unrenewed may enjoy,
For a time, the delights which arise
From viewing the Omnipotent God,
As revealed in the earth and the skies—
It may love in the morning to roam
Where dew-diamonds pave the soft way,
And the lark sings her anthem of praise,
As the world smiles a welcome to-day.

At noon-day, when sultry the air,
And Nature seems panting for breath,
And birds in the bowers are still,
As if hushed by the presence of death ;
Even then there is glory around,
And joyous are cool, laughing streams,
As we hide by their wild, leafy banks,
From the heat of the sun's melting beams.

And when, in the mountain afar,
Such hearts the bold crag do ascend,
And press the bright heather which grows
Where evergreens lovingly bend,
They taste a delight which is pure
As th' tear of an angel in prayer ;
And, breathing an atmosphere free,
How many bright visions are there !

There's beauty in clouds which arise
With frowns on their direful crest—
There's music in thunders, which rend
In fragments their upheaving breast.
The lightnings their terrors possess,
As crossing each other, like spears
That glimmer with death's awful fire,
Half chilling the bosom with fears.

And yet there's a majesty there—
A beauty impressing the soul,
With a sense of the greatness of Him
Who doth these wild fires control.

When evening's dim curtain is drawn,
And spirits of twilight are near,
How many the visions we see !
How sweet is the music we hear !

But oh ! how unlike are the joys
In sinful and sanctified hearts !
How unlike the impressions on each,
Which beauty in nature imparts !
Where Jesus his kingdom has placed,
And rules all supreme in the soul—
Where true, pious spirits submit
To his gentle and loving control,

There are passions of joy and of love,
Unknown to the wayward and gay,
“ Who contemn the whole counsel of God,”
And seek not to walk in his way,
Which Christians may ever possess,
In darkness, in danger, in storm—
And their faith in Messiah, their God,
Keeps ever their pure spirits warm.

Then give me the saint's sunny hours,
All bright with th' glory divine—
May mem'ries of pleasure be given,
And hope's mighty anchor be mine!
And then when the bosom is still,
The body bereft of its powers,
My spirit shall spend with the blest,
Eternity's bright, sunny hours.

Let Me Kiss Him for his Mother.

IN a lone and dreary chamber,
Where the sunlight seldom shines,
And the cobwebs thickly gather
For a curtain o'er the blinds ;
Where no hand of kindred lingers
To sustain the aching head,
Nor flowers, plucked by gentle fingers,
Fragrance 'round the dying shed,
See that form, once full of vigor,
Clad in beauty's rich attire,
Now in sickness weakly writhing—
Soon in sorrow to expire.
See that ghastly hand uplifted
Tow'rd the home for which he sighs ;
Hear him call to " God " and " Mother !"
Hear him, ere he faints and dies.

Raven locks, so soft, so gently
 Pressed by loving hands in prayer,
Hang disheveled o'er his forehead—
 None to smooth that vagrant hair !
From his cheek the flush has faded—
 Melted seems that gentle eye—
Snowy white his brow no longer—
 Parched his skin a golden dye.

Gentle evening throws her curtain
 O'er the landscape, far and near—
Nature seems to hush her anthems,
 As if human sighs to hear ;
Death is ling'ring at the portal,
 With his keen and icy dart,
Waiting with intent to thrust it
 To the young man's lonely heart.

Midnight's sable pall is hanging
 'Round the world in awful gloom—
Death's grim form advances sternly,
 Dressing mortals for the tomb.

Enters he that lonely chamber,
 Purposed ne'er with prey to part—
 Lays his chilling, iron fingers
 On his victim's bleeding heart.

To die alone, methinks, is fearful ;
 Let *me* die with *Jesus* near ;
 May my *mother's* hand uphold me—
 May her voice salute my ear !
 May her whispers soothe my spirit
 As she talks of home on high ;
 On her breast my head be pillowed,
 As in *Jesus'* arms I die.

Such were wishes faintly whispered
 By the lips of him we sing,
 'Till his spirit, freed from sorrow,
 Spread for home its trembling wing.
 Morning's golden gates are open,
 Strangers bear the form away—
 Haste to hide the young, the noble,
 'Neath the cold and silent clay.

An aged female form is bending
O'er the open, greedy tomb,
List'ning for the coming footsteps
Startling morning's early gloom ;
Soon she bends above the coffin,
While her tears unceasing flow—
“ Let me kiss him for his mother !”
Says in accents sweet and low.

Heaven bless thee—angel—woman !
Thou dost of life's shadows know ;
Heaven bless thee—angel—mother !
Save thee from life's farther woe.
May thy sons ne'er die forsaken !
May thy sunshine e'er increase,
And in dying may it cheer thee—
May thy latest hours be peace !

Says the New-Orleans *Christian Advocate* :

“ A young man, stout, buoyant, manly, from the
State of Maine, had been in this city but a short
time, before he was attacked with yellow fever,

and soon died, with no mother or relative to watch by his bed-side, or to soothe him with that sympathy which none but those of our own "dear kindred blood" can feel or manifest. He died among strangers, and was buried by them.

"When the funeral service was over, and the strange friends who had ministered to him were about to finally close the coffin, an old lady who stood by stopped them, and said: 'Let me kiss him for his mother!' That dear old lady, whoever she is, is probably unconscious of having uttered a sentiment and performed an act unsurpassed in beautiful simplicity and sublime eloquence. May her sons, when they die, not lack a mother's sympathy; but if they should, may they find one who will kiss them for their mother!"

Longing for the House of God.

“ My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord.”
Psalm lxxxiv. 2.

O HAPPY day—O day of rest !

I love thy soft and sacred light ;
This is the day the Lord has blest,
Therefore its every hour is bright.

This day's a type of one to come—
A brighter day that knows no night,
A day that dawns on yonder home,
All radiant with celestial light.

What heart loves not the Sabbath dawn,
When quiet reigns o'er hill and dale,
And sunlight gilds the sparkling lawn ?
These sacred hours all Christians hail,
And thank their God for Sabbath rest ;
Devotion fills their grateful hearts,
And rapture kindles in the breast—
God's service joy and peace imparts.

The bells have ceased their joyous peals,
That fill with bliss each pious heart,
And o'er my soul devotion steals.

Now would I bear some humble part
In praising thee, thou great "I AM;"
I'd bow before thy sacred throne,
And plead for mercy through the Lamb
Whose blood can for my sins atone.

How oft I in thy courts have knelt,
And with thy people sung thy praise—
How oft the hallowed flames have felt,
Lit by thy soul-inspiring lays—
Oft from the sacred desk proclaimed
Those truths, which were in mercy giv'n,
To rescue souls by sin inflamed,
And lead them safe from earth to heav'n.

But others kindly take my place—
Stand "'twixt the living and the dead,"
And to reclaim a guilty race,
The glory of the gospel spread.

O could I leave my chamber now,
 I'd haste the word of life to hear,
 I'd in the sanctuary bow,
 And shed devotion's joyful tear ;

I'd swell the sacred song of praise—
 My voice with others' prayers I'd blend,
 And loud some joyful chorus raise ;
 My bounding soul would high ascend
 The Mount of God, and by the throne
 Hold converse with the *one-in-three*—
 Feel heavenly happiness my own,
 From earthly care be wholly free.

But God to places is not bound,
 He's free above—on earth He's free,
 His presence is where saints are found,
 Though there be met but “two or three;”
 Though there be only one to pray—
 But one to seek his gracious face,
 He's with that praying one alway.
 And ever will sustain by grace.

So was it when Elijah fled
To Horeb's lone and dreary rock ;
The light of God was freely shed,
And while the mountain felt a shock
God in the whirlwind swept along ;
The thunder of his step was heard
As earthquakes moaned their mournful song,
And every nerve in nature stirred.

The voice so grand, so "still and small,"
Along the rocks all trembling, played,
Elijah heard the heavenly call—
Around him wrapped his cloak, and prayed
In God's own ear his woes he poured
While trembling nature groaned around ;
The howling wind in fury roared,
And sent to heaven its wailing sound.

God heard and answered every cry—
He bowed him from his lofty seat—
He healed the cause of every sigh—
Declared he would each foe defeat.

So, when upon the day of rest
 John felt the Spirit's sacred flame,
 His soul was of the Saviour blest,
 While he extolled his hallowed name.

So I, though left alone to-day,
 May yet my Saviour's presence feel—
 May hear the Spirit inly say,
 "Upon thy heart I set my seal."
 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
 Inspire my heart—my prayers indite ;
 O! let me feel thee—flame of love—
 With *love* my sinful soul ignite ;

Bear up my heart 'bove sin and sense,
 And lead me to the Mercy-seat,
 That I may view the recompense
 That 'waits me at the Saviour's feet.
 O! may I ever hence improve
 The grace of God, so freely given—
 Drink from the fountain of his love,
 Till freed from earth, I rest in heaven.

The Mohawk.

Flow on, sweet rolling river,
Thy flow'ry banks between,
Flow brightly on forever,
Thus silv'ry and serene.
No shadow on thy billows
To mar thy light and love,
From overhanging willows,
That fringe thy lawn above.

For ages thou hast wandered
Thy pebbly pathway o'er—
For ages men have pondered
Along thy sunlit shore—
Have caught sweet inspiration
To think, and feel, and sigh ;
Have hung in admiration
O'er rocks thou gurglest by .

Alike to friend and foeman
 Who wade thy waters through,
Or toil with merry rowmen
 In swift and light canoe,
Forever thou art smiling,
 In calm, or howling storm—
Each weary hour beguiling,
 To keep the spirits warm.

Where hawthorns weep and tangle
 Their foliage rich and gay,
And hair-bells bright bespangle,
 The soft, enraptured way,
Oft lovers meet at even
 To feast on fairy dreams,
And sigh for some sweet haven,
 Where naught but beauty gleams.

By thy fair banks they whisper
 Their vows of faith and love,
When evening's holy vesper
 Directs to God above.

List not, fair rolling river,
But lull thy peans sweet—
Lisp not those vows forever
When others by thee meet.

Flow on, sweet rolling river,
To kiss the turbid main ;
For like sweet dreams that never
Can come to us again—
Adieu, adieu ! thou weapest,
Like mem'ry o'er the past ;
Then on thou gayly sweepst,
Too bright, too pure to last.

The Poet's Heart.

To the heart that beats high with its music and songs,
And gladly its joy-giving carol prolongs,
A brother's kind offering fondly I'd fling,
And encourage it ever thus sweetly to sing.

Oh, may my fair muse her assistance afford—

Indite every sentiment, feeling, and word—

Her wing gently spread, and assist in the flight—

In which my fledged spirit has oft found delight.

Oh, guide me, thou goddess, up fancy's bright way,

Where poet-hearts wander and loved Muses stray ;

Oh, bear me to fields of sweet fancy and love,

Where purest and fairest of images move,

And show me the heart thy still breathing inspires—

Exhibit the glowing breast poetry fires.

Oh, let me now feel that sublime, holy swelling,

Which of passions the purest and grandest is telling,

Then, then will I sing of the heart's tender feeling—
Its hope and its love, with each precious revealing
That brightens the world, as it floats gently through,
Like the glory-lit stars in the heaven's deep blue.

The poet-heart clings to its fellows in love,
As though to its resting-place fondly 'twould move,
There cherish and foster each dear human soul,
While onward the cycles of eternity roll.

The purified poet-heart loves to arise
On the light wing of fancy, to yon azure skies ;
And it loves at the gates of bright glory to sing
Till they on their gold hinges quietly swing,
And archangels welcome it close to their breasts,
Where, shrouded in rainbows, it lovingly rests,
And raptures enkindling, it joyfully sings,
Till earth's darkest region with melody rings.

'Tis a glorious world that we now occupy,
With its carpet of green, and its deep-vaulted sky--
With starlight and music, with silvery moon--
And roses sweet, blooming in happy festoon---

With songsters that warble their wild, happy strains
In deep tangled wildwood, where solitude reigns—
With brooklets that dance in their infantile glee,
And smile as they widen their way to the sea—
With mountain and valley, with hill and ravine—
With cascade and glacier, where clearly are seen
The marks of the mind that gave form to the whole—
Of the hand that rules earth from equator to pole.
But what would these be to the heart and the mind,
If poets had ne'er with their glory entwined
The sweetness of song, and the melody grand,
Which point the mind upward to God's mighty hand,
And direct every heart to its object of praise,
While charming each spirit with heavenly lays?
The poet-hand drapes with rich glory the sky—
Breathes life into that which would otherwise die—
Lifts up the whole man from his lowly estate—
Makes that which was sensual, holy and great.

The diamond may lie in its dark, muddy bed,
But its glory is wasted while there it is shed;

The hand that pursues the rich treasure must bring,
Its splendor to view, and thus cause it to fling
Its richness afar, where the multitudes may
Behold its small face shame the glory of day.
So, beauty may dwell in the earth and the sky,
But while there is none to uncurtain the eye—
No hand that can open the way to the heart,
That beauty can never its richness impart,
As when the eye opens and catches the fire
By strains gently breathed from the poet-swept lyre.

Look down the dark wave of the past as it flies—
Hear soul-stirring song from its bosom arise.
The dead, though they sleep in the dust of the tomb,
Still live with the living, and fragrantly bloom
Their memories, sweetened with holiest lays
That e'er bore to heaven the heart's willing praise.
In poetry handed to us from the dead,
What a glorious light from our fathers is shed.

What heart feels the most for its fellows distressed,
Or throbs into holy and mighty unrest

When sorrow's dark curtain the winding-sheet proves,
Of earth's brightest glory—the heart's fondest loves ?
Oh ! there is a weeping one. Death has just laid
A sweet little bud in a grave newly made ;
A mother weeps over the now empty bed,
From which a fair sleeper forever has fled.
Each heart-thrilling laughter she recently knew,
The baby's loved playthings, that still are in view—
Its garments scarce folded—the ringlet of hair—
The infantile accents when lisping its prayer,
All bring to the bosom grief's dark tide of woe,
Which none who ne'er felt, can in anywise know.
'Tis th' poet heart, then, that a sympathy feels,
While up through its portals a sweet sonnet steals.
The friends of the weeping may strive to afford
Some kindness in sorrow—some grief-soothing word ;
('Tis *fashion*, for sooth, *thus* in sorrow to do,
Or tears for the mourning I fear would be few.)
And when *we're invited* we speak of the dead—
The bliss of that spirit which from us has fled—
We speak to the comfort of lone, sighing hearts—
(That sympathy, doubtless, some blessing imparts ;)

But poet-heart's *willingly* offer their gift
To those who of loved ones by death are bereft.
And why do they weave a sweet chaplet of flowers
To beguile in its sadness the heart's weary hours?
Ah! why do they offer some grief-soothing lay?
Ah! why do they weep with the mourning, and pray?
Because there is gushing from out the soul's deep,
A sympathy sacred--too sacred to keep.

How could the saint worship his God as he should,
Without those sweet melodies, poured like a flood
Up from the heart, where true devotion abounds,
And fancy weaves prayer into musical sounds.

Go thou to the temple now hymnless and lone,
Where winds are low-breathing their sorrowful moan;
Go thou to the altar whose music is hushed—
No melody breaking the stillness, where gushed
The sweetest and grandest of Zion's loved lays
That bore to Jehovah the soul's fervent praise;
Or, perhaps, organ-peals thunder louder than then,
And priests *read* their prayers, as *devoutly* as when

More godliness dwelt in the worshiping breast
Of those who are now in their home with the blest.
Wouldst thou love to worship with that hymnless
 throng,

And ne'er taste the sweetness of heavenly song ?
Thou'dst sigh for the music from poet-hearts welling
So purely and freely, while joyfully swelling
The bosom that trustingly lies on its Lord's,
And breathes in sweet melody his precious words.

Ah ! who has forgotten his youth's sunny day,
To which fond affection will now and then stray .
Ah ! who has forgotten the forest and hill,
The glen through which wanders the clear moun-
 tain rill,

The cot with its evergreen bending above,
Entwining its branches, enamored with love !
Ah ! why does the bosom such memories cherish ?
How is it they never can from the mind perish ?
I answer, the hymns of the old fam'ly hearth
'To us have been sung, since the day of our birth,

And now they oft haunt us at midnight asleep—
We listen, we wonder—then joyfully weep.
We fancy that we are again boys at home,
Though, perhaps o'er life's billows we constantly
 roam ;
We fancy that mother sings to us again,
Though her silvery locks in the grave have long lain.
We almost can see the love-light in her eye,
And feel that delight thro' the heart swiftly fly
Which in boyhood we felt, when a warm bosom prest
Our brow, as a voice sang us sweetly to rest.
Ah! the name of my mother, it dwells on my tongue,
For I ne'er can forget the sweet anthems she sung—
I ne'er can forget my youth's bright, sunny days,
Because they're entwined with my earliest lays ;
And the poet-heart ever I'll love for its song,
While onward I move in life's journey along.

Can any heart love that has not the same fire
That moves the loved chords of the poet-heart's lyre ?
Wherever there's love, there is poetry weaving—
Though found not in verse, it is found in the breathing.

But the spirit of poetry truly imbues,
The heart which the Holy Ghost fully renews.
It dwells in the breast, and it kindles a flame,
That ever is brilliant, regardless of fame ;
It shines in the darkness, its glory is pure,
And its love-kindled rapture will ever endure,
While God by his Spirit refines the heart's gold,
And casts it anew in his heavenly mould.
Its poetry may not be breathed to the world,
For the Muse may ne'er wish her bright pinions un-
furl'd ;
She quietly sings to the heart of the saint
Her anthem of joy, or her plaintive lament ;
Her music is then like the song of a bird
When its warbling by none save its own ear is heard.
The primrose is sweet, though there's none to enjoy it ;
The harp is the same, though no hand to employ it—
The stars are as bright, though each human eye slum-
bers ;
So the heart that's renewed, breathes its heavenly
numbers,

Though none to partake of its rapturous praise—
Though none to unite in its joy laden lays.

But the heart often plumes its bright wings for a
flight—

And soars to the region of heavenly light—
Oft seems to be drinking from glory's pure spring—
Oft seems to be hov'ring of fancy's light wing,
O'er the rainbow-roofed temple of yon crystal skies;
Oft seems to be viewing with purified eyes
The burden of glory which Jesus has given—
In short, it seems blest with "A vision of Heaven."

The Haunted Ship.

WHO does not shudder, when in lone retreat
He wanders forth, some fancied form to greet ;
He often feels the touch of spectre dim,
Or ghostly wand'rer with a visage grim,
Or sees some spirit of departed one
O'er meadows fly, or down some valley run ;
Whate'er it be--imagination--truth,
There's something starts the nervous soul of youth ;
Nor youth alone, for men of hoary years
Have often felt the grim and ghastly fears
That steal into the bosom when alone,
And make one tremble from some cause unknown
Some have supposed that spirits never tread
Upon the waters, where repose the dead—
Where whitened forms, in coral grandeur sleep,
Dark down within the ocean's lonely deep.

But there was once a bold old Holland ship,
That o'er the waves and through the foam would
 skip,
As though the spirit of some mighty thing
Had given it life and armed it with a wing.
Some tales are told—some strange and thrilling tales
Of ghostly forms, and wild and piercing wails,
Oft heard when stillness o'er the ocean hung,
And sailors in their nightly hammocks swung.
Though huge her hulk, and black her well-worn sail
That strained and fluttered in the sweeping gale—
Though not unlike, in dark and sullen hue,
The wild sea-gulls that round her screaming flew,
Rainbow they called her—name of import fair,
Because, perhaps, so like a thing of air.
From Amsterdam this haunted vessel hailed,
To Copenhegen and to Hamburgh sailed ;
Sometimes to Leghorn, or to Odessa—
Sometimes to Java in her southern way—
To Curaçoa o'er the Atlantic's tide
For merchandise, she oft would proudly glide.

Her captain, Zwart, a lover of the deep,
When on the land would closer lookout keep.

He had not stopped at Curaçoa long,
Before he heard a sweet and mellow song ;
He chased the music or the sandy shore,
And when it ceased, but sighed to hear it more.
At length he found the birdling in the bower,
Wherein he's since passed with her many an hour,
The creole daughter of a planter there,
With sweetest form, and step as light as air—
With amber brow as purest marble white,
And eye that sparkled with a heavenly light—
With lips like roses, wet with morning dew,
And teeth that shone with clear and azure hue.
She could attract,—she could the wildest bind,
And charm the wisest—she a polished mind
Possessed—a soul with holy passion fired ;
By all, wherever known, beloved, admired—
Admired was Zwart, for beauty far renowned,
Nor was his equal on the ocean found ;

And gallant too—possessed of every grace—
He lacked no beauty of the form or face.
Fair Madeleine was charmed by winning Zwart,
And soon he knew he'd won the maiden's heart.
He cared not for her bright and dewy eye,
Like sunset radiance o'er a western sky—
He cared not for her soul with love inspired,
Nor for her heart, that fondest passion fired ;
He sought to win the riches of her sire,
And to this end he nightly swept his lyre ;
He nightly told the father ocean tales,
So much he'd seen—he knew all foreign sails ;
He in the graces of the creole walked,
While he of merchants and of ocean talked.
The father gave to Zwart his Madeleine,
They soon were sailing o'er the foaming brine,
And joyous on their homeward journey bound,
While ocean smiled and wavelets danced around.

When evening shadows 'round the vessel hung,
Fair Madeleine her sweetest anthem sung,

While o'er her cheek a teardrop coursed its way,
And in the foldings of her necklace lay ;
Her lip then trembled as an autumn leaf,
But trembled not because of inward grief ;
Her memory waked by music soft and low,
Did o'er her mind a radiant vision throw,
And brought to light her childhood's joyous scenes ;
(From childhood's days our fancy often gleams
The purest bliss of earth)—she thought of home,
And parents there who feared to have her roam ;
She thought of her who watched beside her bed
In infancy—pillowed her childish head
Upon her breast, and heard her every sigh,
And wiped the tear-drop from her weeping eye,
With tend'rest care her youthful footsteps led,
And tried to smile when Madeleine was wed.

Ere long they reached the distant fairy shore,
Where Madeleine must dwell, and never more
Return to India's fair and sunny bowers,
Where she in youth had spent her evening hours.

Here Madeleine the joy of all became,
All loved the music of her voice or name,
All ran to meet her when they saw her come,
All loved to greet her in her sea-washed home.
She loved her cottage, and the deep'ning shade
Thrown o'er the lattice, and the vines that made
Æolian murmurs, when a breath of air
Around her played, and tossed her waving hair.

Alone she lived, for Zwart was on the sea—
Her trusting heart did never dream that he
Could for a moment love another more—
So kind was Zwart when he was on the shore.

At Antwerp lived a widow lady fair,
With brilliant eye and mild and winning air;
She riches had, far more than Madeleine—
She lands possessed—estates upon the Rhine—
In Belgium too—much ready cash in hand,
And more when needed, if she made demand.
She won his heart. he hers—they loved no doubt—
He trembled lest the widow should find out

That he had wed a youthful creole maid.
He wandered with her in the joyous shade
Of noble trees, or long reclined in bowers
Where many odors scent the breeze, and hours
Fly swiftly past with light and airy step.
He there reclined, and there he often slept;
And while in slumbers in that cool retreat,
The lady fair would vows of love repeat,
Would wipe his brow and fan his heaving breast
In which she felt his image firmly rest.
He dreaming wished his dark-eyed creole maid
Was with the dead in dreamless quiet laid,
Where weeping-willows bend above the bier,
To mark the place where friendship dropped a tear.
Ah! had he known, ere he was tightly bound
To one whom he in India far had found,
That there was one he could more fondly love
Than her toward whom his heart at first did move,
He would have left the creole maid to die
Ere he had wooed her from her native sky.

Ah! had she known he loved another more,
She would have sought her own, her native shore,
And there her aged and drooping parents blest,
'Till they in death had found a place of rest.

But Madeleine is dreamless of the wrong,
And lives to cheer her fellows with her song ;
She lives a halo 'round her home to shed,
And o'er the thorny path of friends to spread
The sunlight of her smiles, and joyous make
The saddened heart that otherwise would break.
She loved to weep with those who shed a tear
Of kindness, o'er the graves of kindred dear ;
She loved to comfort when the soul was sad—
To bless *another* was to make *her* glad.

But ah! what sadness on her bosom lay
When letters came one lovely morn in May.
Her song was hushed—her harp lay in the bower,
No music breathing in that lonely hour ;
The flush had left her fair and ruddy cheek—
Her quiv'ring lips could not one sentence speak—

Her brow was livid and her look was low—
Her heart seemed breaking 'neath a weight of woe ;
The winds were hushed, the birds refused to sing—
Her saddened heart seemed sadd'ning everything.

There in her lap the unwelcome letter lies,
And tears are streaming from her weeping eyes—
Her head is resting on her trembling hand,
While friends around in wond'ring silence stand.
At length her eyes she raises from the sheet—
Her pale lips move, and slowly they repeat :
“ My father's dead ! And now I soon must go
To see his grave. My heart is filled with woe.”

Another day is dawning on the sea—
The air is filled with heavenly melody,
The sunbeams lay across the waves like wires
That angels draw athwart their heavenly lyres ;
The ripples dance along the shell-bound shore,
Then kiss the pebbles and are seen no more.
But mark ! there's rising from the sea a sail,
And now 'tis hastened by some friendly gale ;

The Rainbow nears—her heavy anchor drops,
Then forward swings, and in her passage stops.
Her boat is lowered—the captain nears the shore—
He eyes the beach, then gently ships his oar ;
He throws the line and draws the boat to land,
Each object near him now is closely scanned ;
Fast to a post the line is firmly made,
While to and fro the boat is gently swayed.
Fair Madeleine approaches—heaves a sigh—
He casts upon her an averted eye—
To greet her says, “ Your father’s lately died,
And nothing’s left you but your native pride ;
His debts are more than can be ever paid—
A bankrupt you, and I a fool am made.
But I must go to settle his estate,
Perchance to save it I am not too late,
And if you would to Curaçoa go,
Be ready when receding tide shall flow.”

They loosed the boat and o’er the ripples glide—
They soon are at the Rainbow’s rugged side ;

When Madeleine is to the deck conveyed—
The boat is in her wonted posture laid—
The anchor weighed—the vessel seaward bound,
The seaman's song goes joyously around,
And Madeleine the cabin seeks for rest,
And vent in tears the sorrow of her breast

By day she wears a gauzy gown of white,
But thicker robes adorn her form at night.
She shuns the heat of noonday's scorching ray,
And loves within her quiet room to stay.
When evening's shadow o'er the sea is flung,
And night's dark curtain on the billows hung,
She o'er the deck in dreamy stillness walks,
Or in the cabin with the captain talks.
The sailors speak of wonders in the deep,
Some watch are keeping while the others sleep ;
The trade-winds sweep the vessel gently o'er.
O'er glassy waves, while ever and anon
Some tale is told, the weary hours to cheer,
And drive away all loneliness and fear.

But hark! a shriek, a piercing shriek is heard!

And for a moment none dare speak a word.

“Hush! What is that?” the frightened seamen
groaned.

“I know,” said Hendrick; “’twas a mermaid
moaned!”

Another shriek, as from the ship or sea—

The sailors asked, “What can that shrieking be?”

“There is no female but the captain’s wife.”

“It is a female, hear below the strife!”

A splash is heard. “There’s something in the sea!”

“What can the meaning of that splashing be?”

“But what is that upon the ocean wave?”

“We’ll lower the boat and quickly fly to save.”

“You’ll not do that!” old Hendrick makes reply;

“For when you do it, you will surely die.”

“But ’tis a female. See her throw her arm,

As if to give to some one an alarm.”

‘And now she sinks—she sinks no more to rise.’”

The sea is placid, and serene the skies,

The moonbeams sparkled on the ocean’s breast,

Where some strange form had found a place of rest.

They onward glide before the midnight breeze,
Their troubled hearts are only ill at ease.

That night was long—'twas wearisome I ween—
They could not banish what they'd heard and seen,
Each seemed in sorrow—each to dread some ill—
Few were their words—'twas pleasure to be still.
At length the night wore quietly away,
And glad were all to see the light of day.

A step is heard—it now ascends the stairs,
Zwart comes on deck—sad looks his visage wears ;
Confusion seems his sunburnt face to fill,
And crimson flushes rose against his will.
His step was nervous—quick he passed around ;
“ Why, Madeleine is nowhere to be found !”
He wildly said, then to the cabin he,
But could not stay, “ She's gone ; where can she
be ?”

“ What has become of her ? I think I've seen
A something in her strange—what can this mean ?
I saw her leaning o'er the larboard side,
As if she would some rising anguish hide.

She musing stood and gazed upon the sea,
I did not dream that she insane could be ;
But now I fear, oh, that 'twere otherwise !
I fear she's fallen, never more to rise
From out yon wave. I know she's sleeping there.
My heart is sad—I'm almost in despair !
Alone I left her, that she better might
Enjoy the slumbers of the coming night ;
For I have oft a secret watch to keep,
And did not wish to break her gentle sleep."

" There was a mermaid floating by our side,"
Said Hendrick ; " something always will betide
The ship 'round which these hideous monsters float."
The boatswain said, " Oh that I'd lowered the boat ;
It was fair Madeleine we saw. I know
I should have saved her if you'd let me go."

The cabin-boy most gloomy seemed to be ;
The seamen often said they " Could not see
Why he should mourn, except for Madeleine."
They sought to cheer him with old Holland wine.

The Rainbow soon at Curaçoa stopped,
As in the bay her heavy anchor dropped.
She did not long, however, tarry here,
For Zwart desired a homeward course to steer.
He soon received the lovely widow's hand,
And gave the boatswain his entire command.
To northern seas, o'er sparkling waves she flew,
She bore a fearless and a gallant crew.
She coasted 'round old Denmark's frozen shore,
Where icebergs float, and thund'ring tempests roar ;
She split the waves and sped before the wind,
While threatening breakers vanished far behind ,
'Round Sweden's shore she gaily plowed her way,
And saw her image in the waters lay.
Old Norway's heights the crew with pleasure saw,
Like Sinai grand, that heard Jehovah's law ;
They lingered long in cold and frozen seas ;
They traded much, and felt themselves at ease.
Though poets sing of mermaids floating here,
They had seen none, and hence they did not fear.
But ere a while the Rainbow southward bends,
To Curaçoa in her passage tends ;

Each heart is happy—every eye is bright ;
They work by day, and sing of home at night.
The Rainbow proudly o'er the billows rides—
She spreads her wings, and like a sea-bird glides.
The moonbeams fall upon the glassy deep
Like mother's ringlets o'er her babe asleep ;
They fell like silver on the bleaching line
And lit a pathway thro' the sparkling brine.
The captain, boatswain, and the mate beside,
Were watching changes in the heaving tide ;
The evening shadows 'round them softly fell,
While each in turn did some sea-story tell. -
Eight bells had struck, " Why, captain !" said the
 mate,
" The bells inform us it is getting late."
The captain 'rose, and neared the cabin-stairs,
When from below a female form appears ;
With unheard footfall passes to the stern—
(All hope she will not to the cabin turn) ;
But soon she turns—a form as light as air—
She stops a moment at the cabin-stair,

And passes quickly from the view of all—
A graceful figure, slender, straight, and tall.
“This is that mermaid!” Hendrick chocking said,
The captain sighed and slowly shook his head.
“Why has *she* come? Zwart is no longer here.”
“*What do you mean?*” said Hendrick, with a sneer.
The captain followed to the cabin-door,
And saw the figure as it was before.
It then was seen upon the waves to glide,
And soon was sinking in the sparkling tide;
Her arms she threw, as if for help to call,
Then downward sank that slender form, and all
Stood gazing where the moonbeams gently fell,
And seemed transfixed, as if by magic spell.
They made their trip to India’s fertile shore,
Then left for Holland, to return no more.
Not one remained upon the “*Haunted Ship,*”
Not one would go with her another trip;
They deemed her haunted by the “*Lady White,*”
Who walked about her in the dead of night.
Another crew, who ne’er had seen the form
That like a spectre, in the calm or storm,

Would come with tread, unheard by mortal ear,
Would come, an object of intensest fear.
The name was changed from Rainbow to Good Hope ;
She sailed in deeper seas, and greater scope
Was given her for action, while she shone
In colors new. She was to all unknown
Where'er in after-days she dancing flew,
With broader sail, and hale and happy crew.
To Biscay's Bay, or German ocean bound ;
Or onward still, the spacious earth around
She sailed, she safely reached her destined place,
By all esteemed a thing of wondrous grace.
Not long so brilliant thus she sporting flew—
Not long she bore a hale and happy crew.
There came a time when many hearts she bore,
Some to their own, some to a foreign shore ;
They did not dream that spirits 'mong them walked—
Beheld their glee, or listened when they talked.
Sometimes at cards, to spend their time, they played,
While *some* devout, in solemn silence prayed.
An evening came—'twas one of Nature's best ;
The stars were brilliant, and the sea at rest,

The captain sat, with two or three beside,
Upon the deck, and watched the changing tide
Like heaps of diamonds, silver plated o'er.
They talked of Byron, and of Burns and Moore ;
Then Ingemann's most charming verses sung,
While gentle echoes o'er the waters rung.
The captain then some ghostly story told,
How once he saw a bloody head, that rolled
Across the deck, and in the water fell,
As though it would of deeds of bloodshed tell.
But ere he had his story finished quite,
A form appeared, full dressed in purest white.
She came with tread as light as thistle down ;
Not e'en a rustle from her shining gown.
Amazed they stood, o'erwhelmed with fear and dread,
Before that form, that spirit of the dead.
The helmsman saw her—felt a shudd'ring spell—
She quickly passed him, as he fainting fell,
Then back she glided to the cabin-stair
With graceful tread, and form as light as air.
The captain followed—saw her pass below,
And quickly to the cabin window go ;

A moment paused—then from the window leapt
And on the bosom of the ocean stepped.
The airy form a moment trembled there,
And threw her arms as if in wild despair ;
A moment struggled, and then sank for aye,
Where silvery moonlight o'er the waters lay.

The ship now lies a drear and lonely-wreck,
The white waves washing o'er her rotten deck ;
The hulk just moves when massive swells arise,
And wild winds o'er her breathe their mournful
 sighs.

The Poet's Home.

THERE is a place where fairies dance and sing—
O'er which the stars their brightest glory fling ;
A place where brooklets sport in wild delight,
And with their music charm the soul of night.
There mountains rise—deep, verdant valleys sleep,
And Muses dwell. There angels stop to weep !
There foliage dark its cool, refreshing shade
Throws o'er the enameled vale ; while o'er each glade
Some songster warbles his melodious lay,
And gems reflect the glowing light of day.

There maidens fair, with mild, enam'ring eye,
And locks as gay as sunbeams o'er the sky—
With glowing brow, and quick and elfin tread
Are seen a halo 'round each home to shed.

It was the lot of one who loves his Muse,
In this fair land his summer home to choose ;
And gaze in rapture on the earth and sky—
To kiss the zephyrs as they flirted by—
To stand where lightnings wove a shining wreath,
And catch the murmurs that the thunders breathe.

'Twas his to list to music soft and low,
That charmed his ear and set his heart aglow—
To watch the sunbeams, as in western flight
They mellowed down to one bright wave of light ;
Then, like the Christian dying, gave advice,
And lit with smiles the path to Paradise.

'Twas his, when evening's sombre veil was hung
O'er Nature's blushing face, and moonbeams flung
Their silver radiance o'er each tree and flower,
To court his Muse in some sequestered bower—
There dream of friends—the *loved*, though far away,
Till blushing morn flung wide the gates of day.

To him his native hills were dear, and fair
The landscape, whose sweet flowers perfume the air,

Each stream was clear to fancy's beaming eye—
Each bower he loved, through which gay songsters
fly—

Each path o'er hills, or through some meadow green,
Was yet as charming as when first 'twas seen.

Thus lived he on and drank each cup of bliss—
He longed but for a land as fair as this,
In which he sighed to meet—no more to part—
With one who shares the warmth of his fond heart.



The Mother's Dream.

I SAW a sleeping mother sit
Beside her infant child,
Which slumbered on its cradle-bed,
So peaceful, sweet, and mild.
To me it seemed its little life
Was but a fount of love,
Where shining angels came to sip
The joys they taste above.

A heavenly smile was playing on
Its half-pellucid cheek ;
Its rosy lips were parted quite,
As if for joy to speak.
A napkin lay across its breast
In pure and silvery grace,
While underneath, a little heart
Beat in its precious case.

The baby-hands, like lilies white,
 With fingers clear as pearl,
Were gently folded by its side.
 A single golden curl
Fell sweetly o'er each tiny ear,
 And one bright tear-drop lay
Beneath the eyelids, like a gem
 From caskets rich astray.

So pure, so gentle was the child,
 So perfect every grace,
So clear a radiance o'er it hung
 And lit its angel face,
That paradise seemed very near
 With all its holy light,
And angels sought, on gentle wings,
 To come with rapid flight.

The mother, bathed in fondness, dreamed
 Of her sweet babe asleep,
While smiles were sporting o'er her face,
 Like starlight o'er the deep,

Where gentle ripples rise and fall,
Then sink to calm repose ;
Or like a mirror, over which
A sunbeam's glory flows.

Bright visions she beheld afar,
Like diamonds in a stream,
Which mock us with their silv'ry face,
Whence heavenly lustres gleam
Awhile she dreamed her infant all
Was folded to her breast ;
But soon she saw an angel form,
In snowy garments dressed.

His silvery wings with gold were edged,
As clear as morning light ;
He flew between two summer clouds
With sunset radiance bright.
A harp of sweetest tone he bore,
And o'er its trembling string,
With rapture only angels know,
He drew his pearly wing.

The music soft a magic had,
Which charmed the mother's soul;
He nearer drew, more sweetly played,
While he the infant stole.
She dreamed he upward mounted high
Toward a golden gate;
He gently swept his trembling harp,
And seemed with joy elate.

The infant slept upon his arm,
As oft upon her breast,
While now and then a tear-drop fell
As he the babe caressed.
And as they neared the golden gate,
There came a shining band
Of seraphs pure, with glory crowned
And chaplets in each hand.

The babe awoke and sweetly smiled,
As on they swiftly flew,
And soon within the pearly gate
They passed beyond her view.

I saw a shadow o'er her steal,
As swift the vision fled,
Her falling tears the mother woke—
Her lovely babe was *dead!*

Twilight.

GENTLE twilight, softly stealing
O'er the hills and verdant lawn,
All thy many charms revealing
Ere the day is fully gone,
Fold about my aching bosom
Thy pure wings of calm delight ;
Come, with all love's treasure laden
Ere the tread of gloomy night.

Stir, oh stir my drooping spirit
With thy holy, magic wand !
Attune my heart to heavenly music,
With thine own enchanting hand.
Bring me back my Muse that's wandered
Seeking other hearts I fear—
Bring me back those fond emotions,
Bathed in recollection's tear.

Stars are gemming evening's forehead—

Glory gilds her queenly brow—

A sable mantle o'er her shoulders

Tells that night is coming now.

Gentle Muse at last returning,

With a twinkle in her eye,

Sweetly whispers, "*Left neglected,*

To the *willing* heart I fly!"

Music soft, like angel whispers,

Now with throbbing heart I hear—

Still the heavenly notes prolonging,

Tell that seraph bands are near.

Can it be that this is dreaming—

Dreaming of a clime, away!

Disappear, then, gentle twilight,

Shine, oh, shine, celestial day!

There's no twilight hour in heaven—

Sweet prelude to pensive night—

There's no sable curtain hanging

'Round the throne, all pure and bright.

Haste taen on, life's peaceful twilight,
Bright prelude to morning's dawn,
Bid the shadows o'er me hanging,
Ever from my heart be gone !

Pleasures of Home.

SADLY now my heart is turning
To my dear old home,
And my weary soul is yearning
As I from it roam :

Yearning for the old plantation
And the mansion there,
With ev'ry loved association
That the heart can bear.

Oh, the happy hours of boyhood !
Still their memory hangs
Upon the neck of cloudy manhood,
With a thousand pangs.

There's the old banana waving
Near the cottage door,

And the weeping-willow laving
Where my glitt'ring oar
Cut the merry wavelets, dancing
O'er yon joyous stream,
While some maiden's eyes were glancing
Love-light's gentle beam.

I see through tears of joyful sadness,
Scenes my memory knows,
And they give a mournful gladness,
As the dying rose,

With its pale and withered leaflet,
Throwing sweet perfume,
While some ling'ring, dying sunset
Lights it to its tomb.

There's our good old mother smiling,
With her frosted hair,
She, the weary hours beguiling
With some joyous air.

What's a home without a mother?
Naught but empty walls!

Ne'er as hers can any other

Glances light those halls.

Ah! that infant prayer she taught me,

Lingers on my ear ;

Ah, those early songs to soothe me,

Fancying oft I hear !

Bathed in fond affection, ever

Must her memory lie—

Forgotten be her precepts never

Till we meet on high.

Mem'ry still is fondly hov'ring

'Round the dear old home ;

Seeking for but ne'er recov'ring

Joys my heart has known.

The Dying Shed No Tears.

THIS Life's a mingled cup
Of pleasure and of pain—
Upon the fairest heart
Is stamped pollution's stain ;
O'er tangled paths of life
The light pursues the cloud—
The bridal robe of joy
Oft proves a ghastly shroud.

The child but blooms to fade
Ere clasped in loving arms—
The maiden's blushing cheek
Soon loses all its charms ;
The boy of tender age
Soon grows to hoary years—
Soon weeps his last below ;
The dying shed no tears.

Who has not watched his eye,
When tremor shook his frame,
And vain attempts were made
To answer to his name.
The strong man's noble form
Betrays his rising fears,
And yet, while friends bewail,
The dying shed no tears.

Ah! life's full tide is warm,
And live hearts feel a glow
That melts their ice away,
And makes love's dew-drops flow ;
But Death's a conqu'ror dark,
Full-armed with icy spears,
He chills the stream of life—
The dying shed no tears.

Alone.

THERE'S wondrous meaning in the term—

Who knows its full import ?

For oft the heart its shadow feels

In crowded mart or court.

It is not all in solitude

Where foot of man ne'er trod,

Where none can see or hear us, save

Our Friend and Father—God.

For oft *alone* we are amid

The busy, hurrying throng,

That like a restless, troubled stream

Doth madly surge along.

Alone we hold communion with

Our spirits, while we feel

A consciousness that God is near,

In rapture o'er us steal.

Alone we listen to our hearts
As they with sorrow beat,
And feel there's none to know our grief,
Nor soothing words repeat.
We often bear life's ills *alone*—
Alone we breast the wave
Of sorrow, as it proudly swells,
With none to help or save.

Yet there is one, a Saviour dear,
Who always will defend
Th' grief-tossed mariner of earth,
And prove himself a friend.
“Lo, I am with thee,” hear him say,
As friends successive fly—
“Lo, I am with thee to the end,
On Christ thy Lord rely.”

Oh blessed thought! Amid the gloom
Of earthly pain and woes,
There is a smiling face of love
Which kindest rad'ance throws.

There is a hand—a mighty hand,
To help in every need—
A hand to wipe deep sorrow's tear,
The hungry ravens feed.

Ah! though we feel, amid the throng,
As light and gay as air,
That there are none to sympathize—
No kindred spirits there,
We still may know that Christ is ours—
He marks our every grief—
That he's prepared a soothing balm
To give our hearts relief.

Dear Saviour, fill my throbbing breast
With all thy fullness now—
Let peace sit undisturbed upon
My care-worn, anxious brow,
Like sunlight on the mountain top
When ev'ry cloud has flown,
Then I shall feel in solitude,
That I am *not* alone.

A Rutland Sunset.

'TWAS eve, and a sweeter one Eden ne'er knew,
The lily and rose-bud were wet with the dew—
The day was fast dying, and Nature was still,
The last golden sunbeam had painted the hill,
When I, sad and weary, strolled out 'mong the
 flowers,
To spend in reflection the still evening hours.
A zephyr was playing o'er Otter's* calm breast,
That shone—a loved type of the home of the blest.
Her mirror-like bosom reflected the ray,
As bright as an angel from heaven astray ;
The daisies were smiling with tear-moistened eyes,
As grateful they looked to the bright azure skies ;

* A beautiful little stream in Vermont, west of the Green Mountains, passing through the village of Rutland.

Each hill seemed in silent devotion to pay
Its tribute of praise to the god of the day ;
While he, like a warrior, with victory crowned,
Went down in his glory, in silence profound.
While retiring, he flung o'er the heaven of blue,
A glorious light, that seemed streaming right through
The dim, gauzy curtain that hides from our eyes,
The land of delight, where the " New City " lies.
A light, golden cloud seemed a vigil to keep,
Like the mother that watches her infant asleep ;
And smiling, it hung as a maiden in love,
'Neath the stars that were gemming the azure above.
The angels were weeping for joy o'er the world—
Their tear-drops were falling as 'round us they furled
The mantle of twilight—a mantle of peace
That doth from his burdens the lab'rer release.
I gazed on the valley, and forest, and hill,
And heard the sweet laugh of the star-lighted rill,
That gushed from the mountain in frolicsome flight,
And danced o'er the pebbles in wildest delight.
Then fairy-like music came over my soul,
Like wavelets of glory that ever will roll

Their joy to the hearts of the happy on high,
Where soul-melting melodies never will die.
Of Italy's sunsets, the poets have sung
With joy-throbbing bosom and rapturous tongue ;
But o'er the " Green Hills " of Vermont we may see
As lovely a sunset *as ever could be !*

To *Kittie Kilda*.

It is not the gem from the ocean or isle,
Nor gold from the mine, that I'd bring ;
It is not the off'rings of flattery false,
That over thy brow I would fling ;
But one little garland of fancy I'd twine—
Perfume with sweet odors my lay—
Receive from the Muses a tribute of praise,
And give it to *Kittie Kilda*.

Prolific thy pen, and accepted thy theme—
Delighted our hearts when we see
A lesson of virtue—correction of vice,
Or tribute to goodness from thee.
With sweetest humility—virtue most rare—
Thou dost in retirement stay,
And while I am seeking thy name to detect,
Thou say'st, 'tis *Kittie Kilda*.

May breezes blow always some fragrance to thee,
Each leaflet some pleasure exhale—
The dew of the morning bring happiness too,
And melody float on each gale ;
May fairies enchant thee, at home and abroad—
May birds, as they carol their lay,
Throw off to the breezes a stanza for thee,
Thou modest maid, Kittie Kilda.

Toward the Bright Setting Sun.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

THOU art gone, thou art gone, tow'rd the bright setting sun,

Whose glory is gilding the far western hills ;

My heart's fond affections thou'st joyously won,

And the thought of thy glory my rapt spirit fills.

Oh, could I but dwell whence the sunlight is falling,

And lighting the earth with its joy-giving beams ;

Could I follow to where thy fond spirit seems calling,

I'd realize fully love's happiest dreams !

The clouds have withdrawn, and an op'ning is made—

'Tis the door, it would seem, to that glorious world

Beyond the confines of death's troublesome shade ;

Now angels are coming with bright wing unfurled,

Their snowy white garments float over the sky,
As down the gem'd stairway of heaven they glide;
They cut the bright ether—they come very nigh,
Like a vessel that flies o'er a silvery tide.

Ah! the pure who are passing from earth-scenes
away

Have guides to conduct them to that happy land,
Where clouds can ne'er darken the spirit's long day,
Nor shadows bring sadness to Christ's happy band,

Who ever are singing love's happiest strains—

Who feel that their hopes and their pleasures are
one,

For the spirit is free from all sin-stricken stain,

In that world of delight, tow'rd the bright setting
sun.

Saturday Night.

How joyous the evening, how quiet the air ;
Man leaves his week's labor, home pleasures to share,
And homeward is bending, with joy-throbbing breast,
Well knowing his fireside furnishes rest.
His step, though he's weary, is light as the roe's,
As singing most merrily, onward he goes.
The ring of the anvil is hushed, and the glare
Of the furnace once lighted is no longer there.
The noise of the country, the din of the town
All ceased, when the gold-laden monarch went down.

Now bright little faces around the home-fire,
All glowing with beauty, prepare to retire ;
They smile on each other, then kiss their papa,
And say their short prayers to their loving mamma ;

They talk of the Sabbath that soon will appear,
The church, and the parson who ministers there ;
But soon comes the hour when the *good-nights* are
 said,
And the little ones quietly folded in bed.

Night hangs o'er the world with the sternness of
 death,
And checks its quick pulse with her chilly, damp
 breath ;
The folds of her mantle hang over the sky,
As darkly she frowns from her mansion on high.
She's driven the sun from her sight, in the deep
Of the west, while she thinks o'er the world she will
 keep
A much closer vigil than when it is day—
Rejoicing that she, for a time, can hold sway.

A dim, trembling light in the distance afar,
Like the last fading beam of the bright morning star,
Tells where there is one in his study alone,
The care of whose breast to the world is unknown.

He bends o'er the pages his tears have bedewed,
And sighs, as a thought of his duties intrude ;
He thinks of the morrow with sadness and joy—
He trusts in his Saviour, and naught can annoy.

The lamp is still burning when midnight appears—
His eye is still searching though swimming in tears—
The world is at rest, and unconscious that those
Who labor to bless them can never repose
When Saturday night brings to others a rest,
And makes to the lab'rer his weariness blest.

An Address To My Soul.

IN TWO SONNETS.

I.

My soul, they say that thou art naught but "breath,"

A "scent," some "wind," or something of the
kind—

Thy being's end is at the gates of death ;

But what, my soul, shall then become of mind ?

My soul, I've felt thee stirring in my breast,

I've known the deep emotions thou canst feel—

Love, hate, and joy ; the wild and grand unrest

Of mighty passions ; nay, there oft will steal

Unbidden thoughts—I *know* there must be *mind*,

For flesh and bone can no more think than "wind !"

My thoughts will move, I know not how nor why—

I'm conscious when my heart is weighed with
care ;

And when I'm sad, my breast will heave a sigh—

Oh tell me, soul, and is this *naught* but *air* !

II.

And though the skeptic try from me to steal
My *conscious* soul, and say that after death
Thou canst no longer think of aught, nor feel,
I yet am *conscious* thou art more than "breath."
It cannot be that in the narrow tomb
Man slumb'ring shall until the judgment lie ;
For such a thought would fill the heart with gloom,
And every saint would shrink and dread to die.
The man who says he has no soul will find
He has a soul, yet has but little mind ;
For Paul declares, he had much rather fly
From earth to Christ, and there forever be
Secure in bliss, beyond the vaulted sky—
Some men have now become more wise than he.

Midnight Musings.

Ah! I'm waking from my slumber—
Still the midnight hours,
Hushed the winds to softest murmur,
In the leafy bowers ;
Luna looks into my window,
Smiling in my eyes—
Stars attend where'er she wanders,
Through the azure skies.

Hushed is nature, save the cricket
Chirping in the trees ;
Not a zephyr stirs the thicket—
Not a breath the leaves ;
All, as if the world were sleeping,
Move in silence now ;
Angels quiet watch are keeping,
They no jars allow.

And they o'er the world are weeping,
For their tear-drops lay
Where the wilted daisy's sleeping,
On the new-mown hay.
Stars are peeping through the chinking
With their diamond eyes,
As if they all were busy thinking
What was 'neath the skies.

The world is wrapt in dreamy slumbers—
Man forgets his care—
Angels breathe their sweetest numbers
In yon regions fair ;
Dreams the maiden on her pillow
Of the loved away,
Rocked upon the heaving billow,
White with ocean spray.

Or, perchance, the lover's dreaming
Of some distant hall,
Where a thousand lights are gleaming—
Where are joyous, all ;

But there's one, the loved, the brightest,
Sporting in that throng—
Her look is gay—her step the lightest—
Hers the sweetest song.

And there is one a vigil keeping—
Pearly tear-drops start,
“Is it dead, or is it sleeping?”
Thus she asks her heart.
O'er the cradle bends in weakness—
Wipes the falling tear,
Asks the babe, with childish meekness,
“*When will pa be here?*”

In a tavern, round the corner,
Sits a man at cards—
Heeds he not at home the mourner,
Hears he not her words?
Oh, what mis'ry, pain, and sorrow,
Hath this night of woe!
But the anguish of to-morrow
God alone doth know.

Midnight music now is swelling,
O'er the hills and vales ;
To my heart each note is telling
Loved and thrilling tales.
Now my heart is gently throbbing
Like a prisoned bird ;
And, behold, I'm softly sobbing
To each mournful word.

'Tis a gentle hand that's sweeping,
O'er the trembling key—
'Tis a loving heart that's keeping
Lonely watch for me.
Singing, while the hours are flying
Past, with elfin tread ;
And my tangled locks are lying
O'er my aching head.

Ode to Spring.

THE cold, icy fetters of winter are broken,
And Spring shows her sweet, blushing face ;
What rapture and joy those fond features betoken
To a shiv'ring and frost-bitten race.

A warm, hearty welcome to thee I would sing,
Old friend of the harp and the bard ;
And over the hills, with a wild, joyous ring,
I'd make my fond welcome be heard !

Adieu, thou old Winter, whose frost-laden breath
Has cut like a thrice-sharpened sword ;
Adieu, thou old Winter, we leave thee in death,
Nor breathe we a sorrowing word !
Thy chains, though they fettered the stream from
the mountain,
Are riven asunder I see ;

Thy grasp is now yielding the river and fountain
To dance in their unwonted glee.

Thy coffers were not very richly supplied

With treasures of ice and of snow ;

And now the warm breath of kind Spring makes
them glide

In an unceasing, frolicsome flow.

Thou'rt smitten, old Winter, with Spring's winged
dart,

And swiftly thy life-currents flow ;

'Tis bleeding, ah, bleeding ! thy cold, icy heart !

Thy pulse is now beating more slow.

We hail thee ! bright Spring, in thy rich mantle
clad—

Thy beauties enamor my heart—

Thy soft, balmy breathings make Nature look glad,

While tears from her glassy eyes start.

Ah ! soon wilt thou carpet the earth with its green,

And dress up the trees as before ;

And then will the vase of fresh flowers be seen,

And birds their loved carollings pour.

The bower's now vacant—no music is heard
When evening's dim shadows appear—
There's now mournful sighing where soft zephyrs
stirred

The leaves, ere they grow pale and sere ;
But soon will sweet Spring render vocal again
The place where my fancy is staying,
And soon will the branches be laden, as when
Warm breezes among them are playing.

The invalid then from his chamber will roam,
His step growing firmer each day ;
He'll wander still farther and farther from home,
Through meadows—'mong primroses stray ;
In perfume-laden breathings of nature he'll find
Fresh vigor, and crimson will rise
To the now livid brow, and give joy to the mind,
Like the rainbow that arches the skies.

Thou'rt welcome, sweet Spring, with thy music and
song—
Sweet odors and joy-burdened hours,

Bring wreaths of fresh ivy and cypress along—

Warm kisses and garlands of flowers ;

Bring with thee th' promise of warm summer days

With harvests of rich golden grain--

Bring with thee loved songsters to carol thy praise—

And bring the warm showers of rain.

To My Absent Wife.

I miss thee when sadness becurtains my day—
I miss thee when shadows hang dark o'er my way ;
For oft have thy smiles a sweet radiance thrown,
When sadness was filling my bosom, alone.
I miss thee when Sabbath dawns o'er the green hills
And naught breaks its stillness, save clear, laughing
 rills
And chimes from the bells in the valley below,
That thrill every heart with their musical flow ;
For often together, God's temple we've sought,
Where earth's every sorrow and pain were forgot.
I miss thee at morning and evening, when I
Bow the knee to the God-Head, enthroned in the
 sky,

For once there was blent with my heart's silent
prayers

Thy spirit's voice, uttered in love's holy tears.

Return to my bosom, thou joy of my soul!

Oh come with thy raptures, and fondly enroll

My brow in thy tresses, and pleasure shall fill

The heart that now moves with a soul-sad'ning
thrill.

As my mem'ry looks back on the scenes that are
past,

I again am admonished, earth's joys cannot last;

Yet hope fondly hangs on the arm of the soul,

While onward the wheels of grim time swiftly roll.

My heart is all sadness—my life is all night—

Each prospect seems pluming itself for a flight—

The pale, silver light of the evening is sad,

And nothing in nature can make my heart glad.

The roses bloom not as when thou wert with me,

The sunbeams throw not their rich gold o'er the lea,

The hills are in sadness, the valleys in gloom—

The flowers refusing in beauty to bloom—

The clouds shed their tears in kind sympathy,
And the birds in the bowers are lonely with me.
Then come to my heart—let me feel thy warm kiss,
(What pleasure of earth can be equal to this,)
Let me feel thy warm breast 'gainst my own softly
 beat,

While our love-lighted glances all joyously meet.
Oh that the quick touch of thy fingers might bring
To my ear, the sweet music that loved wires fling,
As if angels were touching the keys of the skies,
 Where grandest and holiest melodies rise!
Oh sing to me now those sweet anthems of praise
Thou proudly didst sing in my *love's* early days!
Thy voice—it is music—ah! sweeter by far
Than strains gently falling from nature's guitar,
When winds sweep the pines and they touchingly
 sigh,
Like a heart on which grief laden memories lie.

The Miniature.

'TWAS in a little parlor hung,
A gilded frame it wore,
A gauzy curtain o'er it swung,
Such as I'd seen before
The chairs, the table, lamp, and all,
Were old, but neat and fair,
The bouquets on the centre stand
Were all arranged with care.

But there was something in those eyes,
So matchless, bright, and clear ;
A smile upon that blushing cheek,
O'er which there fell a tear—
A something 'round that polished brow,
A something in the hair,
That awed the spirit, while I stood
Transfixed with holy fear.

I gazed upon her golden locks,
In shining tresses hung
About her smooth and snow-white neck,
Like sun-beams, gently flung
About a polished marble shaft.
'Twas all the work of art ;
And yet it gave a saddened joy,
Like sunset, to my heart.

I slept, those eyes were on me still—
Those *locks* ! I saw them yet ;
That heavenly radiance o'er the brow
I'll ne'er in time forget !
A shining wing my bosom swept,
A hand my forehead pressed,
A tear drop on my pillow fell,
A voice my heart addressed :

“ There was a child—a lovely girl—
A single household flower,
The mother's pride, the mother's joy,
Her sunlight ev'ry hour ;

She fairer grew and sweeter bloomed—
Too bright and pure for earth—
She's now transplanted to the clime,
Where endless joys have birth.

“ A mother's heart is left to mourn,
That all she loved has flown,
While she remains, life's ills to bear,
And meet its storms alone.
A withered leaf is left behind
The dead, the faded flower ;
An empty place is found within
The lone, domestic bower.”

I 'woke, the picture smiling hung—
The dewlike tear-drops lay
Upon some flowers, strewn o'er a grave ;
I heard the mother say :
“ The angels stole my child from me,
And up to glory flew ;
She'll ne'er again on earth appear,
She's far beyond my view.

“ And till I see her, I will keep
Her picture near my heart ;
I ne'er will it a moment leave,
I ne'er can from it part.”

That heart but sighs for close of life,
But waits its fading beam ;
I know the picture's *magic power*,
The meaning of my dream !

To One I Love.

I'LL come to thee with joyful flight,
 'Tis painful here to stay ;
For saddened is my youthful heart
 While I am far away.
I've thought of thee at evening's hour,
 When Nature softly slept—
I've thought of thee at morning's dawn—
 In loneliness I've wept.
I've wandered here, through shady dells,
 And slept in rosy bowers,
Yet tedious were the summer days,
 And dull their weary hours.
My heart has often sighed for thee,
 And wished that thou wert here ;
Thy absence saddens all my joy,
 And starts affection's tear.'

This land would bright and smiling be,
 Could sunshine from thy brow
But play around each joyous scene,
 And light my spirit now ;
I know that streams would smoothly glide,
 And brighter'd be the sky,
If o'er my bosom now could fall
 The love-light of thine eye.

The birds, I know, with sweeter song
 Would make each heart rejoice,
Could they but in this region hear
 The music of thy voice.
But still thou ling'rest far away,
 And I so sadly roam ;
And if thou wilt not come to me,
 With joy *to thee* I'll come.

Thy picture lies before me now—
 Thine image in my heart ;
But it is fading—fading fast—
 Ah! wherefore did we part?

In peaceful slumbers oft I hear
The song thou used to sing—
And angel forms conduct thee near,
On bright ether'al wing.

I listen to the merry trill
Of notes to mem'ry known;
I wake—the gentle music's still,
And I am all alone.

Oh, may we meet in fairer climes,
Where brightest glories beam!
I'll listen then to music sweet,
And know 'tis not a dream.

Endearments of Home.

HOME, dearest spot on earth to me,
I love thy sacred shrine,
There spirits dwell I long have loved—
Yes, spirits linked to mine.

What is it renders home so dear?
'Tis not the waving pines
'Neath which I played in youth's fair morn,
Begirt with clamb'ring vines;
'Tis not the rocks, the hills, the dales,
Nor yet the rippling stream,
That winds its way where odors rise,
And Nature's beauties gleam.

Not these alone could make home dear,
Nor render it so bright—
Not these alone could make us sigh,
Nor fill us with delight.

But 'tis the loved, the dear ones there,
Whose images now stand
Daguerreotyped within our hearts,
By love's own artless hand.

Perhaps 'twas there we laid our sires,
And planted these a rose,
To shed its fragrance 'round the tomb,
And mark their last repose.

'Twas there we first began to live—
'Twas there in youth we played,
And frolicked with such wild delight
Through woodland's deep'ning shade.

Thou dear Old Home, my lute no more
With music fills thy walls—
My footsteps now no more shall break
The stillness of thy halls.

And yet, my heart shall dwell with thee—
My memory wake the lays
That wild birds of the forest sang,
To cheer my youthful days.

Adieu, Old Home, with buried bliss—

How swift thy pleasures fly !

My dear Old Home, with all thy joys,

Once more I say, good-by !

Midsummer Night's Dream.

RECLINING on a velvet couch

In yonder lighted hall,
Bright visions flitted o'er my brain :
A lovely maiden, tall,
With soft and soothing eye of love,
My forehead gently pressed—
Her arm of amber 'round me twined,
And drew me to her breast.

I dreamed the maiden touched my heart
With warm and shining wand ;

I dreamed she brushed my tangled locks
With her soft, pearly hand.

I dreamed that near my throbbing heart
Her bosom fondly beat—

I felt adown my ravished soul
Each ling'ring doubt retreat.

I gazed into the heavenly blue
Of her heart-melting eye,
And thought I saw a radiance there
That shamed the morning sky.
A sunlight splendor decked her brow—
Her lips were matched by few—
They sparkled with a proffered kiss,
Like roses wet with dew.

I placed my trembling hand in hers—
I said—(you that may guess)—
She, smiling, kissed my blushing cheek,
And sweetly answered —“ Yes.”
Together now we tread the vale
Where light and shade abide,
And little *dreamers* bless our days
At happy *Floral Side*.

To Sleep.

COME, soothing angel, balmy sleep,
I love thy magic spell ;
Now may thy rapture o'er me creep,
In sweetness none can tell.
I hail thee, golden-winged and pure—
Oh, light upon my soul !
Thy halcyon smiles I would secure,
And through thy Eden stroll ;
Walk with me through each dreamy vale,
By sparkling nectar rills,
And fan me with each blissful gale
That sweeps thy Eden-hills ;
Oh, may thy joys profusely fall,
As evening dew distills.

Those Village Bells.*

THOSE village bells, I hear them not ;
Their music has died away—
Those village bells are ne'er forgot,
For at morn, and at close of day
My heart will sigh for their silv'ry chime,
And grieve that I hear them no more ;
Oh, when will come that happy time
When I'll hear, as I've oft before,
Their merry peal, o'er hill and dale,
And the echoes loud and clear ?
Oh, when will their voice on the evening gale
Melodiously fall on my ear !

* The above was written in allusion to the bells of the old fort, in Fonda, New-York; the first of which, Sir Wm. Johnson's dinner bell (if the account given of it in the History of Schoharie Co. and Border Wars be correct), was stolen by the Indians, who paddled with it up the Mohawk river in the direction of Canada. The second bell was taken by a Dutch Reform minister of the place—secreted somewhere, and finally met a fate, said to be somewhat mysterious, the particulars of which we are not able to give.

I remember when, in that olden tower,
They held their musical throne—
I had in yon wood a leafy bower
I ne'er did visit alone.

And their music then did lull to repose,
And fairies seemed to dance,
Till the queen of night, in her glory arose,
And lit the broad expanse
Of dewy meads, and shadowy lawns ;
Those days have passed away,
And another scene, all pensive dawns—
'Tis the dream of manhood's day.

Oh, could I hear those village bells,
So loved by the old and young,
They'd break, I know, those shadowy spells
With a stroke of their brazen tongue !
But they tell me they've taken the bells away
To adorn another tower—
They tell me they ring at the close of day
With a new and magical power.

They tell me that others have learned to love
Their music, so soft and clear,
While our village is left in its silence to move,
No music to startle our ear.
Oh bring me back those village bells,
T' remind me of days of yore,
For their music sweet to my spirit tells
Of love and its wondrous power.

Some tell me those bells are hidden afar
In caves, in a shadowy glen--
They tell me they rest where mildews are,
And few of the living have been.
Some tell me they are in tall trees hung,
And the wind with their music is vying;
They tell me that they by the fairies are rung--
That they to their music are sighing.

But I'll seek those bells in valley and hill,
Till I find the lone spot where they lie;
And then if I find them all rusted and still,
I'll seek in the distance to die.

For I ne'er can forget those village bells
 With the memories fond they bring,
For they of the joys of my youth oft tell,
 And over them dark shadows fling.

Nature's Leafy Robes are Changing.

NATURE stands in sadness shrouded—

Frosts have left their with'ring blight ;
Bright October's face is clouded,
Sadd'ning seems her golden light ;
Pensive Nature,
Still thy trembling robes are bright.

Autumn winds are lowly sighing

Requiems over faded joy,
Yet she seems most fair in dying—
Frosts cannot her smiles destroy.

Fading Autumn,
Farewell songs thy powers employ.

Soon thy robes will all have faded—

Fallen be each trembling leaf—
Forms which once thy foliage shaded
Sadden us with sighing grief ;

Ever moaning,
Gentle Spring will bring relief!

Thus our life is swiftly flying—
We all fade as autumn leaf;
Though we live, we yet are dying,
Life is like the summer--brief.

All are dying;
Who in death can give relief?

Soon will autumn's shadows, darting
O'er life's fair and sunny sky,
Tell us that with earth we're parting,
Soon within the tomb to lie.

Gloomy autumn;
Oh, how swift life's visions fly!

We must change our robes in dying,
Laying by this cumbrous clay,
And the spirit, swiftly flying
From the scenes of earth away,
Shall be ushered
Into scenes of heavenly day.

The Sea Beyond Us.

WHAT ardor filled Balboa's breast,
As toward the mountain top he rose ;
Regarding not the tears of love,
Nor threatened death by hostile foes.
He seeks an ocean in the West,
Of which he's oft with rapture heard ;
And visions of that glorious tide
Have long his anxious spirit stirred.
He longed to view its placid breast,
All glowing with bright, golden beams ;
Like Love's own smiles, which play so sweet
Around our youthful, fairy dreams.
Though friends successive by him fall,
And deadly reptiles round him twine,
He quells at once each rising fear,
And nerves his arm for deeds sublime.

I see him, as he leaves behind

The band whose flesh by thorns is torn—

I see him, as he scales the mount,

On swift ambition's pinions borne ;

One other leap—he sees the wave

With glory lit, as from the sky,

He bows before Jehovah's throne,

And thanks ascribes to God on high !

The Christian seeks a heavenly rest,

On verdant banks by flowing streams,

Near his Redeemer's throbbing breast,

Where light divine forever beams.

There is an ocean in that clime,

That washes all the heavenly shore—

It forms the boundary of time,

And millions pass its waters o'er.

Millions on earth are striving hard

To reach that blissful shore above,

Whence they with rapture may behold

The ocean of God's boundless love.

Though many faithless, faint and fall,
And foes obstruct the pilgrim's way—
The strong in Christ, forsaking all,
Shall dwell at last in cloudless day.

The Knell of Death.

ANOTHER spirit's flown away
From earthly toil and pain,
To rest in climes of cloudless day,
Where spirits bear no stain ;
Or else in worlds of grief to hide,
And drink the cup of woe,
Where winds of vengeance sweep the tide,
And souls no mercy know.

Perhaps a little opening bud
To death has been consigned,
And soon must be, within the tomb,
Its little form confined.
Perhaps another, like a flower
That just began to bloom,
Has withered down within an hour,
And now are filled with gloom

The hearts that fondly to it clung,
And o'er its cradle wept,
Or 'round the infant pillow hung,
As sweetly there it slept ;
Perhaps a youthful, joyous heart
Has ceased so soon to beat ;
Ah ! it is hard with friends to part,
When parting ne'er to meet.

But when the parting hand is given
To friends by death pursued,
While they enjoy a hope of heaven
Where friendships are renewed,
We feel that *dying* is not *death*—
The soul with peace is blest.
'Tis only yielding up the breath—
A lying down to rest.

The Retreat.

'TWAS morn, and the dew was begemming the
flowers,
And sweet seemed the spirit of deep-tangled bowers ;
The odor of roses and wild flowers fair
Perfumed the fair lawn ; and the soft balmy air
Fanned gently my bosom, where shadows were lying,
And soothed my faint heart by its spirit-like sighing,
My feet seemed to stray, as if willing to roam,
Where vices and follies of men had ne'er come.
My heart seemed to sigh for a dwelling afar
From the conflicts of life, where pure pleasures are.
While watching the dew-drops that 'round me were
lying,
And catching the music of birds o'er me flying—
While longing for rest from this wearisome life,
Where deception, and sorrow, and anguish, are rife,

A voice full of music, distinct, loud and clear,
In soul-stirring cadence, fell soft on my ear.
For tall trees were bending their heads to the breeze,
And spirits of mercy seemed straying 'mong these,
As if seeking to comfort the heart sorrow-laden,
And each cheerless bosom with sunlight to gladden.
Entranced with the scenes which around me were
stealing,

Their many fond lessons of virtue revealing,
I heard—or I seemed from the forest to hear—
A voice which at first filled my bosom with fear.
It came like the whisper of cherubs, who fly
To do their Lord's bidding thro' earth and thro'
sky.

I fancied at first that 'twas magic, but no,
'Twas words gently swelling in rapturous flow.
The pines moaning said, "Have we ever deceived?"
While the rose by my path said, "I never have
grieved,
Ne'er pierced with a thorn any fond, trusting heart,
Ne'er studied deception, a cunning, vile art."

The blossoming fox-glove, bespangled with dew,
Asserted that she of sweet constancy knew ;
The daisies were fringing the carpeted lawn,
And smiled in the freshness of day's early dawn.
The violets fair, with their purple and gold,
Confirmed what I'd heard, and the same story told.
I said in my heart, since all nature conspires
To prove that most men are deceivers and liars,
I'll seek to make nature companion for life,
And leave ev'ry man to earth's folly and strife ;
I'll worship with nature in valley and hill—
I'll bid warring passions forever be still—
I'll sing with the winds, and I'll pray with the
 flowers,
I'll chant with the tempest in eglantine bowers ;
And then to yon Heaven, when heart and flesh fail,
I'll fly on the wings of some favoring gale ;
And dwell where the sunshine will gladden the
 plain—
Where dews of God's favor, and Mercy's warm rain

Will fall on the spirit—there flowers will bloom
No longer to wither—there sorrow and gloom
Will fly, like the fog o'er the mountains of earth—
There anguish of spirit can never have birth.
I'll pluck richest fruit from off life's holy tree,
And recline in its shadow, from weariness free.

Ode to Independence.

ALL hail ! bright Independence,
Now smiling on the free—
Three cheers for peace ; and Union
Forever more to be !

Shout ! shout, ye happy people,
And let the welkin ring—
To God who gave us freedom
Your loftiest peans sing.

What means the mighty thunder
Of cannon from afar ?
It is the voice of vengeance,
Proclaiming blood and war.

I hear the sound of bugles
Proclaiming “ Arms ! ” “ To arms ! ”
While dark, blood-thirsty foemen
Disseminate alarms.

There's blood already flowing
 To kiss Ticino's wave,
And tender hearts are weeping,
 But not o'er friendship's grave.

The knell of death is sounding
 From minaret and tower ;
And loving breasts are heaving
 With grief's distracting power.

Not so where freedom lingers
 And sways with magic wand—
Not so with us who cherish
 This fair and happy land.

The cannon's boom is sounding
 O'er hill and valley far—
'Tis not the voice of vengeance
 Proclaiming blood and war ;

But loudly is it speaking
 In tones well understood,
" The nations that oppress us
 Will sacrifice their blood."

The voice of Freedom's children
Is heard the country through ;
When troubled times assail us
They're free to *dare* and do.
Then hail, bright independence,
Now smiling on the free ;
Three cheers for peace : and Union
For evermore to be !

An Adieu.

ADIEU, ye loved hills of my fond, early home—
Adieu, ye fair lawns, where I once loved to roam--
Adieu, thou bright stream, by whose wild, pebbly
shore

I have wandered at noontide, as joyously o'er
Thy mirror-like bosom, fell sunbeams of gold,
While laughingly onward thy clear waters rolled.
How many the mem'ries now filling my brain!
'Neath the weight of *such* burdens, 'tis hard to re-
strain

The tear of regret. As I leave the loved cot
Where I've tasted delights that can ne'er be forgot,
I cast a last look toward its grey, mossy sides,
While on through life's vista my wild fancy glides;

Yes, forward to scenes that will follow when I
With a sad heart, and weeping, far from it shall fly.
I think I can see 'round the old blazing hearth
A circle of loved ones, whose laughter and mirth
Tell that merry hearts there have ne'er yet learned
to sigh,

Though the bright joys of childhood on downy wings
fly.

And I fancy my name is oft spoken at eve,
And that *one* o'er my absence doth now and then
grieve ;

Ah, yes, I can see her at morning, at noon—
And again do I see her, as yonder pale moon
Throws her beams in the room, where in childhood
I slept—

She has gone there—my mother—oft gone there and
wept.

And I fancy I hear my guitar's mellow sound,
That thrilled my young spirit, and made my heart
bound,

As lonely at evening I sought the retreat
Where nature had formed me a rude, leafy seat.

Oh, bright, starry evenings I've spent in that bower
Could I but recall from thy bosom one hour—
Could I but recline, as in boyhood, alone,
And hear through the forest the wind's gentle moan,
And feel the soft air on my once rosy cheek,
That filled me with rapture too sacred to speak,
I'd bid thee adieu, with thy treasures so dear,
And shed to thy mem'ry affection's own tear.
But they're gone, they're all gone, and most swiftly

I'm borne

To that land from which mortals can never return.
Adieu, thou old forest, whose deep, quiet breast
In dull, sultry noontide has furnished me rest,
Adieu, ye loved songsters, whose music I've heard,
Till rapturous throbbings my bosom have stirred,
And I wished that I could on your light pinions

fly

To a land where such melodies never could die.
And there is another spot still dear to me,
'Tis the yard in the shadow of yonder lone tree,
To which I have wandered at midnight, alone,
While the stars dimly guided to each lettered stone.

Ah! there I have wept for the loved, who are laid
In the quiet retreat of the old elm's shade.
How oft have the winds a loud requiem sung,
And used the slim top of that tree for a tongue,
As clouds shed the tear of regret o'er the graves
Where roses are blooming, and sweet cypress waves.
But 'tis hardest of all, in my spirit to say
Adieu to the spot where the family pray—
Where the praises of God from our hearts have
 arisen,
Till our pent spirits longed for the glories of heaven.
'Tis the place where at morning and evening we
 heard
Our father's loved voice, reading God's precious
 word ;
Then kneeling, devoutly to heaven aspired
The soul that with love for Jehovah was fired.

Kindness.

I LOVE each fond memento
By friendship's hand conferred,
I love each dear expression—
I love each gentle word ; .
I love the heart that prompts them,
Where'er that heart may beat,
For there's a halo 'round it—
An atmosphere most sweet.
These little acts of kindness
Are like the gentle dew,
Though of such vast importance,
Regarded by but few.
They melt the hardest bosom
Wherever they may fall—
They're sweet to saddened spirits ;
They're worth the world to all.

There's quite enough of sorrow

 In life, though fair it be,

Oh there's apparent sadness

 On ev'ry brow we see.

Since life is oft beclouded,

 And shadows o'er it move,

Let us its sorrow lessen

 By little words of love.

They're easy to be spoken

 When kindness dwells within,

They cost us but a trifle,

 Yet richest treasures win ;

They tell us of that heaven

 In fairer climes above,

Obtained in part by kindness,

 And little words of love.

Flowers.

HAVE flowers a spirit? They seem to possess
A power my bosom to move;
They seem to be pleased with a gentle caress,—
Oft seem as if really in love.
They never can *hate*—they are often abused—
Or many their hatred would know;
But over the hand that would crush them they weep,
And the fragrance of heart-pardon throw.
I look at their leaflets, so downy and bright,
With deeper or delicate hue—
Their sweet little dresses all gilded with light,
Or honeyed-lips moistened with dew;
They fondly return the fond look that I give,
They cannot be strangers to bliss!
Then each little beauty I press to my lips,
And, will you believe it? *they kiss!*

How grateful they look, when the morning appears !

Their fingers they point to the skies ;

Their richest thank-off'ring they give to their God,

While tear-drops are filling their eyes.

A lesson I'll learn from the delicate flowers

No hatred nor malice to keep ;

But when I am bruised by the hand of a foe,

The tears of forgiveness to weep.

My Mother's Growing Old.

HER step was once both firm and bold,
Her arm by toil grew stronger,
But firmness now has lost its hold,
And vigor's hers no longer ;
Her life of toil is almost done—
The glorious crown is nearly won !
Ah ! once I bowed beside her knee,
And said my evening prayer,
My youthful heart from sorrow free
Knew not what shadows were ;
She kissed my boyish, ruddy brow,
Where cares are throwing shadows now.
She stroked my soft and flaxen hair,
As love's warm tear-drop fell ;
She breathed a quiet, fervent prayer,
I ne'er should dare to tell—

She bless'd me then in gentle voice,
Which made my boyish heart rejoice.

I see the furrows on her brow
Which care's rough plough has made ;
I see that earthly sorrows now
Have o'er her cast a shade ;
My mother dear is fading fast--
Time's sadness o'er her cheek is cast.

Ah me ! how trembling is her tone,
How bent her noble frame !
And oh, how altered is my own !
There's nothing now the same,
Except *her love*--how passing strange,
My MOTHER'S love has known no *change* !

Her eye is growing very dim--
Her raven tresses whit'ning--
Her step is slow, with trembling limb--
Her western sky is bright'ning,
And by these things I'm plainly told,
My mother dear is growing old.

Twenty-three.

How swiftly fly the passing years
 When manhood's stage is won ;
We soon look back amid our tears
 And see that life is done.

While in our youth, we sigh for age--
 We wish that we were men,
But when we're in life's length'ning shades,
 We sigh for youth again.

But I have just reached *twenty-three*--
 The fading past has flown--
But dim its flick'ring light to me,
 And few the joys I've known.

I dreamed when *twenty-three* I'd seen,
 My life a fairer hue

Would wear—no shadows flit between
Life's sunshine and my view.

But ah ! what visions mad the brain
While youth's bright morning beams !
How fancy drives the world insane,
With brilliant waking dreams !

And could we ne'er be undeceived—
Ne'er learn earth's joys were air,
Our hearts from pain would be relieved—
Our lives be free from care.

But when we reach the anxious hand,
The glitt'ring joys to take,
Each golden pleasure turns to sand,
And life's bright bubbles break.

We turn the hand to pluck the rose,
With leaflets bright and fair,
But 'neath those leaflets thorns repose,
Our weary flesh to tear.

Thus have we learned at *twenty-three*,
That life on every side
Is dark with shadows, and we see
Death floating in its tide.

Pity the Motherless.

PITY the motherless,
Wipe the hot tear,
Soothe the grief-stricken heart
Aching with fear.

Smile on the motherless,
Oft as you meet them,
God will not fail to bless,
Smiles ne'er offend him.

Tender the heart, touched
By sorrow's dark wand,
Never is shadowless—
Relieved by no hand,

Sighing 'mid loneliness,
Treading rough ways—

Pity the motherless,
Dark are their days.

Tenderly, lovingly,
Stroke the soft hair,
Gently ; for archangels
Watch it with care.

Prayerfully, tearfully,
Guard its young ways ;
Lovingly, cheerfully,
Brighten its days,

God will remember thee—
Thou mayest die--
Far from a blooming one
Taken on high ;

Some one will watch o'er
Thy motherless gem--
Bleeding, and weepingly,
Broke from its stem.

Pity the motherless,
Breathe the warm prayer

That Jesus may guard, ever

With tenderest care.

Smile on the motherless,

Where'er you meet them ;

Tenderly, lovingly,

Joyfully greet them.

She Sleeps in Jesus.

SHE has gone, she has gone to the mansions above,
To join with the glorified there ;
Her spirit is bathing in oceans of love,
Now free from all sorrow and care.
She's sleeping in Jesus, she rests with the blest—
Her home is beyond the blue sky,
Where saints of all ages will ever find rest,
And heart-treasures never will die.

But brief was her stay with her friends here below,
Ere the spirit-wing spread for the flight ;
And the love-kindled flame in her heart shed a glow
On the tomb and its shivering night.

She has gone from earth's toil, she has gone from its
cares,

Where angels their melodies raise ;

She has gone to that land where the saint's fervent
prayers

Shall all turn into rapturous praise.

But the heart of the mother with sorrow is riven,

And bleeds ; but her treasure's on high—

The child of her bosom is taken to heaven,

And knows not the weight of her sigh.

But trust thou in Christ, he's acquainted with pain,

He suffered bereavement on earth ;

He's taken thy daughter up with him to reign,

Where sorrows can never have birth.

There's hope for the righteous, though locked in the
tomb,

The Saviour will break their repose ;

On the love-lighted plains of yon heaven they'll
bloom,

Where frosts have ne'er blasted a rose.

The day will soon dawn, when the loved of the
Lord

Shall meet with their kindred above ;

They'll hear from the heavens his welcoming word,

“ Come higher, ye children I love.”

Who Loves Not the Sunlight?

WHO loves not the sunlight
Which gladdens the day,
And makes the world happy
With heaven's bright ray?

Oh, who shuns the sunlight
Which God freely sends,
To bless and to prosper
His foes and his friends?

Is there a poor mortal
Self-'prisoned somewhere,
Far from the warm sunlight
And heaven's pure air;

Where glitters the "purple"
With gold spangled o'er,

And rich-colored carpets
Bedizen the floor ;

Where gas-rays alone
Flicker dim, like the lights
Oft seen in a church-yard
On foul, murky nights ;

And curtains hang over
The windows, like clouds
Which blacken the heavens ;
Or like ghastly shrouds

That cover the forms
Of the dead and decayed ;
Oh such, while they live,
Are in graves "ready-made!"

Oh, then, the bright sunlight
To me freely give,
With beams all celestial,
As long as I live !

For when I am buried
 'Twill be time enough quite
To draw the tomb's curtain
 And shut off the light.

“Come, Let Us Drink.”

THEN fill up the goblet
And pass it around,
We'll drink while the crimson
Of logwood is found ;
O fill up the goblet
And let's drink again—
'Tis the tie that unites us,
'Tis friendship's old chain !
Then swear o'er the goblet
While death glimmers there,
And fumes from the pit
Fill the thick murky air ;
O take the old viper
With both trembling hands,
And drink ye the health
Of the lost in all lands !

Here goes to the devil ;
The King of our crew ;
Yes, here is a bumper,
“Old Fellow,” for you ;
Then drink, my brave lads,
Here’s the logwood of hell,
And here’s of the hops
Which temp’rance men sell.

Then fill up the goblet
And pass it around,
And let it forever
And ever resound.

We’ll drink till the devils
Dance jigs in our brain,
And blue-lights of boggles
Glimmer thro’ the thick rain.

We’ll drink, till the night’s
Sable mantle is furled—
Our heels to the moon
And our heads to the world—

We'll drink, till we're kings
And in "purple" arrayed—
The swine body-guards,
And we reign where they laid!

We'll drink till the world
Fairly reels to-and-fro,
And *rises to meet us*
As *forward* we go ;
We'll drink, till the stars
Shall at noonday appear,
And the sky seem an ocean
Of pure "*Lager beer!*"

Then fill up the goblet
And pass 'round again ;
For we are the happ'est
And richest of men !
O hand me a bumper,
I'm vanishing quite,
But I'm bound to tarry
Till the world is all right !

O drink—drink for me,
For I'm full—running over,
And I lie here as sweet
“As a pig in the clover.”

O drink for me, boys,
If not too much trouble—
O drink—drink again,
I'm as light as a bubble;

Hold on to my tow-line!
I'm off like a rocket—
Confound the bad luck,
I'm in somebody's pocket!

O sing to me now
Of my *Mary in heaven*—
O kiss me again, love,
I hope I'm forgiven.

Where's the boy with the bridle?
How came you so high?
O give me some *water*—
I'm dry—awful dry!

My fam'ly!—good heavens!—
The lamps seem to flicker—
My head—O my head!—
I believe I'm in liquor.

A Similitude.

FLOWERS spread their tender petals
To the soft and balmy air,
Coaxing kisses from the zephyrs—
Kisses soft as dew-drops are ;
But how oft they're nipped untimely
By some rude, unhallowed breath,
And their glory disappearing,
Leaves them pale and sear in death.

Thus do infants come to greet us,
With their sweet and tender forms,
Spreading forth to life's fair sunshine,
Unadvised of coming storms ;
But how oft by frosts they're withered
Ere their morning's wholly past !
O how oft they fade and languish
'Neath some cold and ruthless blast !

Our Home Above.

THERE is a land above
 Unswept by chilling blasts,
'TIS lighted up with love
 Which ever more will last.
There blooming spring abides,
 And verdure crowns the year,
And laugh of joyous tides
 Falls on the ravished ear.

There darkness never comes
 To veil the land in night,
There Jesus gilds our homes
 With rays of heavenly light.
There harpers tune their lyre,
 And chant their holy song,
There joys divine inspire
 Each sweet, angelic tongue.

Ah, for that land of rest
My spirit deeply sighs!
And in my throbbing breast
A thousand hopes arise.
Then let this body fall
Beneath Death's heavy blow--
When sounds the heavenly call
I'll leave this land of woe.

The Heart-Cemetery.

THERE'S a heart sleeping 'neath yonder willow
That weeps the mild dew of the eve ;
And it heeds not the surge of life's billow,
Nor sighs when I over it grieve ;
There's a kiss on my cheek that has perished,
But its mem'ry is still in the heart ;
And a tear which I fondly have cherished,
And smiles which a sunlight impart.
There's a place where I've buried them fondly,
'Tis safe from intrusion of foes ;
It is known to my own spirit only—
There fadeless the *heart* 'cassia grows.
There's a lute touched with fingers of silence,
And a silvery lock of soft hair ;
And oft have I wept o'er a portrait
Which speaks of the pleasures that were ;

There are blessings of long, long-ago—

There are counsels, and wishes, and prayers—

There are vows of affection, I know,

“ And garments that nobody wears ;”

There’s a place where I’ve buried them fondly,

’Tis safe from intrusion of foes ;

It is known to my own spirit only—

There fadeless the *heart* ’cassia grows.

Merrily Dance the Stars.

WE'RE out on the ocean wave
With our childhood's home in view
Our hearts are happy and brave
And we are a merry crew.

CHORUS.

Merrily dance the stars
O'er wavelets wild and free,
And winds in the ship's guitars
Wake midnight melody.

There are hearts in that flow'ry land
With true and tender ties,
And they long for our merry band
With dewy and sparkling eyes.
Merrily dance the stars, &c.

Then safely waft us home,

Ye winds of th' moon-lit tide,

And we ne'er again will roam,

Till blest with a blushing bride.

Merrily dance the stars, &c.

The above was set to music by Prof. L. D. Glidden, May, 1859.

The Very First Robin of Spring.

WHAT music is this from afar
That comes on the evening breeze,
As soft as the light of a star
That falls through the blossoming trees?
And oft have I heard it before—
'Tis music of heaven on wing;
The sweetest of carollings pour
The very first robins of spring.

Old Winter has gone to the tomb,
And his sighing is silent in death—
Farewell to his sceptre of gloom—
We're far from his frost-laden breath.
All hail to the verdure of spring—
The sunshine, the song and the showers,
Of these with delight we will sing
In forests and wild, leafy bowers!

Then help us, ye birds of the grove,
 Who warble the praises of Heaven ;
For yours are the anthems we love,
 Which from the heart-organ are given.
The notes from the ever-green tree
 Which waves by a dear little cot,
Were notes so delightful to me
 They never can well be forgot.

There were others to listen with me,
 When evening stole over the hill,
Who since have passed over the sea
 Where pulses forever are still.
There are in me awakened again
 Emotions by memory's wing ;
For I hear as distinctly as then
 The very first robin of spring.

“At Evening-Time it shall be Light.”

A BLESSED truth—to all 'tis spoken
Who from Satan's grasp have broken
With a rapid flight ;

Oh, it cheers the weary wand'rer,
Pilgrim though he be, and stranger ;
“ Evening shall be light !”

Though the day be dark and dreary—
Though the eye be dim and teary
Till approaching night ;
Let the heart still throb with pleasure—
Jesus is its richest treasure—
“ Evening shall be light.”

See the mist upon the mountains,
Charged to fill the gushing fountains
With the pearly rain ;

These will by the light be riven—
By the sunbeams swiftly driven
O'er the verdant plain.

Clouds will not endure forever—
Light will shine and quickly sever
All the mists of night ;
Let thy heart, then *hope*, though saddened ;
Thy poor spirit shall be gladdened—
“ Evening shall be light.”

No. 2.

THOU mourning soul with sorrow laden,
Shrouded in a painful night,
Trust in God, he will sustain thee—
“Evening-time it shall be light.”

Though the darkness 'round thee gather—
Clouds arise with rapid flight ;
HOPE may flourish in all weather—
“Evening-time it shall be light.”

Though thy life by storms be dreary—
Naught but hope's bright star in sight,
And thou be alone and weary—
“Evening-time it shall be light.”

Not the brightest beams of noon-day
Can afford such calm delight,
As the blest assurance always,
“Evening-time it shall be light.”

Oh what holy peace and pleasure

Do these sacred words invite,

Breathed in sweetest, heavenly measure—

“ Evening time it shall be light ! ”

A Welcome To Maggie.

THOU'RT welcome, sister, to thy childhood's home,
From which thou sighed, not long ago, to roam ;
We hail thee, brightest of our "Seven Stars"—
Thy absence our domestic glory mars.

Long hast thou strayed, and lingered far away—
Long hast thou worshipped near the setting day ;
But lonely oft must thy fond heart have been,
Since thou thy native hills and vales hast seen.

Thou hast been blest with bright and fairer climes,
Renowned by bards who wrote in other times,
Where sunset charms the soul to nightly rest,
And moonlight soft makes every vision blest ;
Yet glad are we that thou from thence hast flown,
And sought thy home within a milder zone—
Hast come, like sunbeams on the dewy bower—
Hast come to cheer us in each lonely hour.

Thou knowest not the joy I feel for thee ;
My heart oft sighs in childhood's home to be,
To live the life of boyhood o'er again,
And cease to know the toils and cares of men.

Oft have we sported o'er our native hills—
Oft mocked the murmurs of the mountain rills—
Oft strayed in woodlands, where the deepning shade
Has made us joyous, and our voices made
Sweet music, as the summer day declined,
Like harp-strings swept by gentle, playing wind.
How oft we sported in that old green lane,
Or led the horses by the tangled mane ;
How oft we frolicked o'er the new-mown hay
That crowned the lowlands where the meadows lay.

How oft we wandered down that road to school,
And stopped to paddle in some muddy pool ;
How oft, at noon, we've climbed yon rocky steep,
Where mosses grow, and slimy reptiles creep ;
How oft have we a play-house made of sand—
How many joys our fancies wild have planned—

How many hearts were merry there at play!
Where is each joy?—where are those hearts to-day?
Some linger near, and some are far away;
There's scarce *one* left where once we used to play.
Some now are in their manhood's brightest bloom,
And some are sleeping in the silent tomb.
While some a blessing to the world have been,
A few are slaves of luxury and sin.

But thou art come, a wanderer from afar,
With cheering smiles, like yonder morning star;
O may thou, while in home's kind bosom, rest,
As weary birdling in its mother's nest;
May smiles that kindle love in every heart,
A soothing rapture to thy soul impart.
Know thou art welcome to thy father's home—
Know that we love thee, though thou lov'st to roam.
O when we've felt the last rude touch of life,
And shrink forever from its anxious strife,
We hope in heaven thy spirit pure to greet,
And dwell forever at our Saviour's feet!

And when we tremble in the grasp of death,
And to our Maker yield our parting breath,
May angels come, from heavenly mansions fair,
To guard us home, and sing us welcome there !

Psalm 23.

THE Lord is my shepherd to feed,
And lead me where still waters flow,
He giveth me bread when I need,
No want in His fold shall I know.

I lie in green pastures ; my soul
He reneweth ; the paths which I tread
Are paths where the righteous may stroll,
And rest with the Shepherd, their Head.

When walking the shadowy vale,
Where death's awful visage appears,
Thy glorious rod shall prevail,
And banish forever my fears.

A table for me thou hast set
In the face of my deadliest foes—

My head with fine oil thou hast wet,

My cup with salvation o'erflows.

Thy goodness, O Lord, shall endure,

Thy mercy shall ever abide ;

I'll dwell in thy temple, secure

From tempests of life's troubled tide.

Psalm 55.

OH, God, give ear unto my prayer,
And never hide thy face
From me, the object of thy care,
A sinner saved by grace.
In my complaint I sorely mourn
And raise my voice to thee—
Reproaches from my foes I've borne,
But thou canst comfort me.

The voice of foes I daily hear—
The wicked oft oppress ;
But I their calumnies will bear
If thou wilt only bless.

My heart within is sorely pained
And I am terrified ;
Oh, that the vict'ry I had gained,
Ere hope within me died.

I tremble as an aspen leaf—
I'm overwhelmed with fears,
My heart is breaking now of grief,
Mine eyes suffused with tears.
Oh that I now some pinions had!
With joy I'd haste to fly—
I'd spread my wing, tho' I am sad—
I'd clear the frowning sky.

I'd in the wilderness remain,
Or in the desert roam,
Till free from sorrow, and from pain,
I could obtain a home.
I'd from the wind and tempest fly,
As mist before the gale ;
I'd seek a shelt'ring rock on high,
Secure from storm and hail.

This ne'er an enemy hath done,
Nor foe my soul hath torn,
For if it had been such an one,
I could have better borne.

But thou, a man, my friend and guide,
With whom I oft have met—
Together sought the house of God,
How can I this forget!

Psalm 70.

MAKE haste, oh Lord, thy son to save,
Oh, Lord, some help afford ;
Let shame mine every foe confuse
According to thy word.

Let them who would my soul destroy
Be backward turned by thee ;
Send out the arrows of thy wrath,
And let the mockers flee.

Let those who seek thy face be glad,
And vict'ry gain thro' grace,
Let such as thy salvation love
Forever see thy face.

Let them thy sacred name exalt
While bowed before thy throne,

Let such their worldly cares forget,
And feel they're all thine own.

But I am poor and needy, Lord,
Then, oh, thy servant take ;
Thou art my help, and thou my all—
Oh, Lord, no tarrying make !

Psalm 98.

OH, sing to the Lord a new song,
Let his praises be heard from afar ;
Oh, send the glad chorus along,
For the Lord is almighty in war !
We marvel at what he hath done,
His arm hath the victory gained,
His hand the bright laurels hath worn,
His vesture with crimson is stained.

The Lord his salvation makes known
To those who are dwelling in night ;
His justice hath fully been shown
To those who in error delight.

The heathen his glory behold,
And hasten with joy to his throne—
Too sacred their bliss to be told,
For God now accepts them his own.

He ne'er hath forgotten his seed,
But mercy hath freely been given
To save when his people have need,
And lead them up safely to heaven.
The ends of creation behold
Salvation, through Jesus obtained,
And yet their loud praises withhold,
Which should to the world be proclaimed.

Let earth's sluggish spirit now wake—
Let her voice, like the thunder, go forth,
And a noise ever joyfully make
To the Lord—to the Lord of the earth!
Sing praises—sing praises, ye lands
Where darkness her curtain hath hung!
Ethiopia, clap thy glad hands,
And shout with a rapturous tongue!

Oh, sing to the Lord with the harp—
With the harp and the voice of a psalm;
And may the sweet sound of cornet
The tempest of wild passions calm.

Let the sea shout hosanna to God,
And its fullness exhibit his love !
Let the waves ever bow to his nod,
As the angels who serve him above.

Let the floods clap their hands in his praise,
And the hills sing in concert of joy !
Let the world loudest anthems now raise,
And all her sweet songsters employ ;
For He cometh—the Judge of the earth,
To gather all men to his throne :
He'll judge every soul by his truth,
And the doom of the world shall be known !

Tribute To Scotland.

'Twas love that enabled old Scotland to give
 Those songs of her bosom, which ever must live
 In the cot of her highlands, while o'er them they
 ring.

'Twas *love* that inspired her *poet* to sing
 "Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise ;
 My Mary's asleep, by the murmuring stream—
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream."

'Twas love that enkindled the flame as he sung,
 With joy-throbbing bosom, and rapturous tongue,
 "Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's sunny
 shores,

To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors ;
 For there, by a lanely and sequestered stream,
 Besides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.
 To beauty, what man but must yield her a prize,
 In her armor of glances, and blushes, and sighs ?

And when wit and refinement has polished her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they fly to our hearts.
But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
And the heart beating love, as I'm clasped in her
arms,

O, these are my lassie's all conquering charms."
Ah ! such is the love that old Scotland has known,
Then well may she count many poets her own,
And well may she live in the hearts of her sons,
While a drop of Scotch blood thro' a human heart
runs.

Ah ! well may her sons, scattered far from her hills,
And far from the laugh of her star-lighted rills,
Turn a lingering look tow'rd her bright, sunny shore,
And sigh for a view of her wild, mossy moor ;
And well may they sigh for the cot of their sire,
And remember the song of its bright, blazing fire.
The poet-heart truly o'er Scotland has wept,
And among her green braes in retirement slept.

The poet-heart for her on battle-field bled,
The poet-heart twined a fair wreath for her head.
This glory belongs not to Scotland alone,
Almost every people and nation may own
A heart that has bounded with love for its soil—
To render it glorious, given its toil,
And labored to win a bright garland of fame,
To honor its country, while hon'ring its name.

The Old School-House.

THAT old school-house, resort of former days,
Is standing yet, as long ago it stood ;
As when in childish glee we joined in plays,
Or rambled in the old and quiet wood ;
When lessons hard were learned, then often would
We scale the giant mountain's rugged brow—
O, that I now might stand, as once I could,
Upon its mossy top !—but time has now
Changed all the scenes of youth. and I can ne'er tell
how.

Thou old school house—each rock, and shrub, and
tree,
With mossy coat, that speaks of hoary years,
I love ; and yet again, how dear to me
Are all those scenes—the birthplace of my fears.
How often down each cheek has flown the tears

Of sorrow, when a teacher, loved and kind,
Who strove true wisdom to instil for years,
Of toil grew weary, and became inclined
To seek for balmy ease, and leave his woes behind.

Ah me! our dreams of youth are like the dew
Of morn, when rays of noonday sun are shed;
When manhood comes, the joys of youth are few;
Those holy visions which we knew are fled,
Our hopes have sunk beneath Time's ruthless tread,
No more to rise. There is a magic round
The recollections of our youth, that's wed
With joy, and hope, and love, that is not found
In manhood's rugged walk—this life's monot'ous
round.

The Star of Hope.

IN paths of gloom, and sorrow's lonely road,
The soul oft sinks beneath its heavy load ;
Each prospect dies which once so bright appear'd,
Each joy of youth by time's rough blast is sear'd.
Then, in that hour of sorrow and despair,
The star of hope oft proves a meteor fair ;
Ah, yes! it lights the lowly path we tread,
Though love be sleeping with the silent dead.

Oft on the brow of pensive woe it shines,
And o'er that brow a golden wreath entwines.
Thrown on the waves of life's tempestuous sea,
Without a friend one's guiding star to be—
Wet with the surf, bedeck'd with icy spray,
We still pursue our solitary way ;
For hope still throbs within our anxious breast,
And though we're toiling yet we sigh for rest.

“There is a rest, a rest for me,” we cry ;
There pain ne'er comes, and pleasures never die !
There is a star, which pleasure's gates will ope—
A brilliant star—it is the star of hope !

Heaven.

I LONG on wings of holy faith to rise,
Far from this earth of cloud and sorrow fly,
In bliss be borne to yonder land of joys,
And dwell with God in fairer worlds on high.
Oh! there no tear is shed, there is no sigh
For perfect happiness—the soul itself is full.
Ah! there, in yonder world of light, fast by
Th' eternal throne of God, the saints shall dwell,
Secure from all the pains of earth and woes of hell.

There we shall strike the golden harp of joy,
As o'er the plains of light we make our way,
With rapture gaze on Him who gave employ
To our exulting souls. There all is day;
No night is known; and there the seraph's lay

Is heard to echo through the vaulted dome

Of heaven. O, why shouldst thou, my soul, delay
To hasten from this earth to heaven, thy home,
Where pain doth not intrude, and sorrow ne'er can
come?

To Clara T——.

ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET OF WILD FLOWERS.

THOSE flowers, Miss Clara, are sweet, very sweet—

A gift I shall ever esteem ;

And now, with permission, I'd proudly repeat

To Clara my love's waking dream.

Dear Clara, may life be as bright and as pure

As the chaplet thou gracefully twined,

And the hue on thy cheek there forever endure,

And may thy young heart ever find

This world to be sunny, and free from deceit,

As the flowers that bloom in my vase ;

In all thy world-wand'rings, may happiness greet

Thee—constantly from thy heart chase

The gloom and the shadows that sorrows oft fling

O'er the sunshiny path of our youth—

Some dear little muse to thy sweet spirit sing

Of affection, and virtue, and truth.

O, when the rough blast of this life sweeps along,
And vents on thy heart all its pow'rs,
Just bow thy dear head, 'mid the pitiless throng,
When over, then rise like the flowers.
Farewell, dearest Clara—a tender farewell—
Perhaps we may ne'er again meet,
But remember, thy love is a heart-thrilling spell,
Like th' flowers, transcendently sweet!

Life.

OUR life is a vision—how strange are its scenes!

Some gloomy, some brilliant and gay,
While others, like May-roses, wither and die,
For happiness lasts but a day!

There's strife in the bosom, 'twixt hope and despair

There's sunshine and cloud in the sky ;
This life is an ocean, we're sailing its tide
Where foam-crested billows run high.

The thunder is utt'ring its mutter afar,

Where lightnings are gilding the wave ;
The roar of the surges now breaks with a sigh
Where billows the white pebbles lave.

This life is a pencil of light, that is thrown,

A moment to tremble, then fly
Like a bird, that has lit on a spray for a rest ;
While there, it is wounded to die!

How cruel love's conflicts, the bosom to tear,

And sever with sorrow the soul ;

Ah! cupid will strike where he cannot repair,

And wound where he cannot make whole ;

For there's in his arrow a glittering gold,

That charms, as it flies to the heart—

Its wounds and its wonders can never be told—

How cruel that gold-headed dart !

Baby Minnie.

AH! thou happy little stranger,
Welcome now I sing ;
Welcome, welcome, little ranger—
Holy pleasures bring.
Welcome, with thy tiny fingers,
And thy loving eyes,
Where thy precious spirit lingers
With a thousand sighs.
Whence art thou, thou darling baby ?
From a fairy land ?
Thou didst come from heaven, may be,
O'er a narrow strand.
Precious, little, happy creatures,
All the babies be—
Glory beameth from their features—
Hearts are filled with glee.

Angels brought thee, on their pinions,
Through the balmy air,
From the bright and pure dominions
Where the righteous are.
Did they to their bosoms fold thee,
As their glowing song
Sweetly echoed, to beguile thee,
As they swept along?

Didst thou steal thy baby-sweetness
From the world of bliss?
Didst thou think thou couldst retain it
In a world like this?
Dearest baby, thou art welcome!
Never, never fly
From the hearts now to thee clinging,
Back to worlds on high.

O, may life's fair roses, blooming
'Round thy baby-way,
Be thy every joy perfuming,
While through life thou stray :

May thy presence be the sunlight
Of thy parents' sky,
'Till we're all together welcomed
Up to worlds on high.

To a Lady's Album.

Go, catch the dewy sweetness
From Friendship's glowing eye,
And fly, with fairy fleetness,
To bring her garlands nigh.
Go, list to magic murmurs
From spirits' sweetest lute,
And bear them to my bosom,
Ere yet its harp is mute.

Go, twine a wreath of pansies,
To bloom when I depart,
And shed its sweetest odors
About my dying heart ;
Bring from affection's garden
The flowers that will not fade,
And plant them in thy bosom,
Beneath thy leaflet's shade.

*

May not a word be written
That friendship's tie would sever—
May not a flower be planted
That will not bloom forever!
Go, bring me back a treasure
That's richer far than gold;
Oh! bring me spirit-jewels
That never can be sold.
Oh! bring me tear-drops, sweetened
By memory's fading joys—
Go, bring affection's whisper,
That ne'er the soul annoys;
That when I'm gone forever,
And friends in death are cold,
Some heart may have a treasure
It can with fondness hold.

Greeting.*

I COME from a flowery clime,
 Where music forever is swelling,
 And sweet is the heavenly chime
 Which now my rapt spirit is filling.

CHORUS.

I come, I come, I come,
 With a sigh, and a smile, and a tear ;
 O, where is the spirit I love,
 Whose wooings have ravished my ear ?

Oh! where is the delicate hue
 Which once thy fair brow did adorn,
 Like the dewy and gold-spangled blue
 That colors the cheek of the morn ?
 I come, I come, &c.

* Written for music, at the request of Miss M——.

Ah, love ! does thy bosom still beat

With passions as pure and as true ;

And is there no wish to retreat—

No love for the fatal “*a-d-i-e-u* ?”

I come, I come, &c.

Washing-Day.

HURLY-BURLY, helter-skelter,

Pots and pans, and ashes fly—

Do not say that this is fable—

Washing-day we're all in *lye*.

Beds unmade and babies crying—

Every earthly thing is wrong—

Every noise discordant, swelling

Washerwoman's *liquid* song ;

Flash the wife her looks of fire—

Auburn locks uncombed and wild—

Scolds her husband—quarr'ls with servants—

Spansks her little roguish child ;

Cats and dogs for safety flying

From the house with fiendish yell,

Scratch their backs in consternation—

Plainly of hot soapsuds tell.

What long weeks of toil and sameness

Should we mortals live below,

Did not some event important

Break our life-tide's steady flow!

News would stagnate in the market—

Joy take wings and fly away—

Dirty shirts and collars plenty,

Were it not for *Washing-day*;

Yet how sad to tender bosoms,

To behold a wife in tears—

Oh, how gloomy to the spirit—

Children writhing 'neath their fears;

Oh, how sad to sleep beclouded—

Holy sunshine turned away,

None to smile and none to comfort,

All because of washing-day!

Cannot some soap-maker tell us
How to find a better way,
Than to bother with his compound
On each awful washing-day ?

The Withered Rose.

IN the sunlight, near my window,
Grew two roses, side by side—
Pleasure 'twas to see their shadows
'Neath their silken leaflets hide.

Tender stems were twined together—
Round and round they sweetly coiled,
Gently did they kiss each other—
Scarcely one bright leaflet soiled.

Both were full of life and beauty--
Pearly dew-drops glistened bright—
Loudly did they speak of duty,
For they loved with such delight.

Their roots were watered all in union,
From one bright and crystal spring ;

And they breathed in sweet communion,
Odors soft, on airy wing.

But there came a blast so bleakly,
Crushing quite one brilliant rose,
That the other withered quickly,
And it sank to long repose.

Thus do hearts enjoy communion—
Fondly to each other cling ;
Dreaming of unending union,
One not born with airy wing.

Let one heart be torn asunder—
Proudly to its pinions take ;
The other then will bleeding wander,
And in solitude will break.

It is perhaps just to say, that the above effusion was written long before the author saw the one by James Montgomery, on nearly the same subject, and to which this bears some analogy.

- To My Portfolio.

LONG hast thou received of my heart and my mind
Those many loved lines thou dost hold,
And yet, it is hard in thy bosom to find
A thought that will live to grow old.
At midnight, at noonday, in evening's sweet shade,
My thoughts have descended the pen—
I've drawn up my verses in brilliant parade,
And lo ! I am writing again !

To thee have I given my nights and my days—
To *me* thou art dearer than gold ;
Within thee I buried my earliest lays—
A treasure whose value's untold.
Then be thou forever kept sacred to me,
From pilfering fingers, and eyes
That ever are gazing at all they can see,
Yet never are known to grow wise.

To Mrs. G——

Go thou on mercy's errand,
 And soothe the bleeding soul--
Go, spread affection's garland,
 To make the wounded whole.
Let truth be on thy banner,
 And love be in thy heart ;
Where're thy footsteps wander,
 Some genial ray impart ;
And when thy spirit lingers
 On time's receding verge,
And body fails in dying,
 Thy upward journey urge ;
While earth's unhallowed shadows
 No longer cross thy way,
But glory gilds thy being
 With beams of endless day.

Golden Dreams.

WHILE dewy the evening, and gilded with light,
That's magicly falling from luna's pale cheek ;
While daisies with tear-drops are dimming their
sight,

And nightingales warble their joyous repeat ;

My heart, with a wildness, like nature around,
Is dancing most joyous, and swelling with glee ;
My lips are repeating, with each merry bound,
The promise that happy the future shall be.

The past, why remember ? for cloudy it's been,
And dark with the curtain of sorrow my way ;

I'll-quickly forget it, and struggle to win
But bliss for the future—one bright, sunny day.

The friends that I've buried, and some that I've *lost*—
The riches I've squandered and health now de-
cayed—

The hearts that I've wounded, by paths that I've
crossed—

The ruin of beauty I've wilfully made—

All these I will bury, down deep in the shades
Of lasting forgetfulness, where they'll ne'er rise,
And then will I wander o'er life's sunny glades,
With earth all aglow, and with glory-lit skies.

But ah! as I'm gliding o'er life's heaving tide,
And guiding my barque on its mirror-like bay,
A tempest is rising, with drapery wide—
'Tis fringing the bright dream—'tis clouding the
day,

And visions of sadness are stirring my breast;
My passions, though slumb'ring, are troubled with
dreams;

My spirit no longer will quietly rest,
But fattens its sorrow on darkest of themes.

The moon-beams of quiet, so holy and bright,
Have coldly withdrawn and have left me in dark,

And now, oh the shadows that mantle my night !
They're not even lighted with one golden spark.
Thus joys of the future, like dews of the morn,
All vanish, ere midday has come to the birth ;
The heart of the hopeful must ever be torn,
Till pulseless it lies in the bosom of earth !

Song of the Sea.

THE soft wind was fanning the leaf on the spray,
The bright little ripples were dancing away ;
Like fairies they leaped from the sea to the shore,
Then broke on the beach, to be seen never more.
The warblers of day were all sleeping and still,
The last golden sunbeam had painted the hill,
And shadows were length'ning their form on the
 plain,
When a voice from the merry came over the main.

So quiet was nature, so clear was the air,
That we heard the faint echoes, delightful they were,
As rebounding they came over mountain and plain,
And were lost on the waves of the ocean again.

The mermaid was fanning her brow on the beach ;
Her lover was sporting just out of her reach—
Old luna drew back her dark veil from her face,
Then moved forth in majesty, splendor, and grace.
The night-bird was flapping her wing o'er the wave,
Like an angel of mercy the sinking to save.
The song that we heard was the song of the free,
(Such a song could come only from those on the
 sea.)

A chorus was chanted by fairies, afar
In the land of the free, where the brave spirits are ;
The song and the chorus of freedom were sung,
As sweet as if falling from magic's own tongue.
“ We're free ! ” cried the billows, while clapping their
 hands ;
“ We're free ! ” cried the mermaid, the spray and the
 sands ;
“ We're free ! ” cried the winds, as they bounded
 with glee,
O'er mountain and valley, then down o'er the
 sea ;

“*I’m* free !” cried the sea-bird, while flapping her
wing ;

And of freedom in rapture, forever I’ll sing ;

And when I must perish, my freedom to save,

Just bury me deep ’neath the blue, bounding wave.

To Miss A—.

I DREAMED that I loved thee—I'm dreaming it yet ;

(*My heart, as 'twas ever, is true*)

That vision of rapture I'll never forget—

Thy coldness thou'rt destined to rue.

Oh, canst thou condemn me for visions I've had,

Or say that I'm mad when I dream ?

Of thee, when I'm dreaming, I know that I'm mad—

My vision with memories teem.

Oh, tell me I yet have a place in thy heart ;

That it throbs with as joyous a beat—

Oh, tell me, e'en now, while the dewy tears start—

Oh, tell me ! for friendship is fleet.

Oh, that the soft zephyr could bear me a sigh,

While lovingly bathing my brow,

That one soothing sparkle which brightens thine
eye,

Might come on the lightning e'en now!

I try to forget thee, and yet there will rise

A wish for thy favor renew'd—

Then grant me some favorite token to prize—

A token thy tears have bedew'd.

The Tempest.

How sweeps the fitful tempest o'er
Each hill and mountain peak !
Oh, how the vivid lightnings glare—
And angry thunders speak !

The night-bird from its resting-place
Sends forth a dismal moan,
And every beast in terror flies,
And fears to be alone.

The storm sweeps on with fearful bound,
O'er plain and rocky steep,
Where eagles build their downy nest,
And slimy reptiles creep.

Still on through startled solitude,
It wakes a deaf'ning roar ;

And flood-gates opening in the sky
Each cloud its torrents pour ;

And rousing from their lone retreat,
The gods of tempest fly,
And shoot their fearful lightnings down
The drap'ry of the sky.

The wild winds howling o'er the waste,
With hollow voice, and strong,
Repeat in accents bold and free,
The chorus of the song.

Then down o'er ocean's placid breast
The storm-king quickly flies,
While feath'ry spray its freaks perform,
And foam-capped billows rise.

The waves leap on—as if at play—
They dash upon the shore ;
They madly lash the rock-bound coast,
And then are seen no more.

The storm still madly rushes on—

It bellows o'er the deep—

It frowns upon the blooming vale—

It climbs the rocky steep ;

It madly toss's the desert air—

It heaves the burning sand—

It turns to ruin beauty's shrine,

As if by magic wand.

The elements God's word obey,

They move at his command ;

He folds the whirlwinds in his robe—

The lightnings in his hand.

HE speaks, and lo ! the storm is hushed ;

The winds his word obey—

The raging billows sink to rest,

Where late they dashed their spray.

A Falling Star.

Down from climes of cloudless glory,
Near the height of yonder sky,
See that star, like morning brilliant,
From the crown of evening fly.

• Swift as lightning's wingéd arrow,
Thrown from God's pellucid bow,
Down the jewelled vault of heaven,
Tow'rd a land of night and woe ;

Marking by its glare and terror
Footprints of the angels lost,
See that star ! like useless diamond
O'er the gates of glory tossed.

For a breath it beams and flickers,
Ere its heavenly race is run,

Then eclipsed to mortal vision,
Like the angel in the sun.*

What is man but met'or fallen—
Planet from his orbit whirled ;
From his Eden-home excluded—
Tow'rd a land of darkness hurled !

For a time his glory beameth,
Like the star in yonder sky ;
But his flick'ring course is downward,
For he's doomed at last to die.

But, unlike the star that's fallen,
He may his bright home regain—
Deck for aye the crown of Jesus,
And in climes celestial reign !

And I saw an angel standing in the sun.—REV. xix. 17.

18 April 1869



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 526 8